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Vol. CLXXVII No. 2307 · WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8 1944

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Volume CLXXVII No. 2307 The SPHERE, London, April 8, 1944

THE SPHERE
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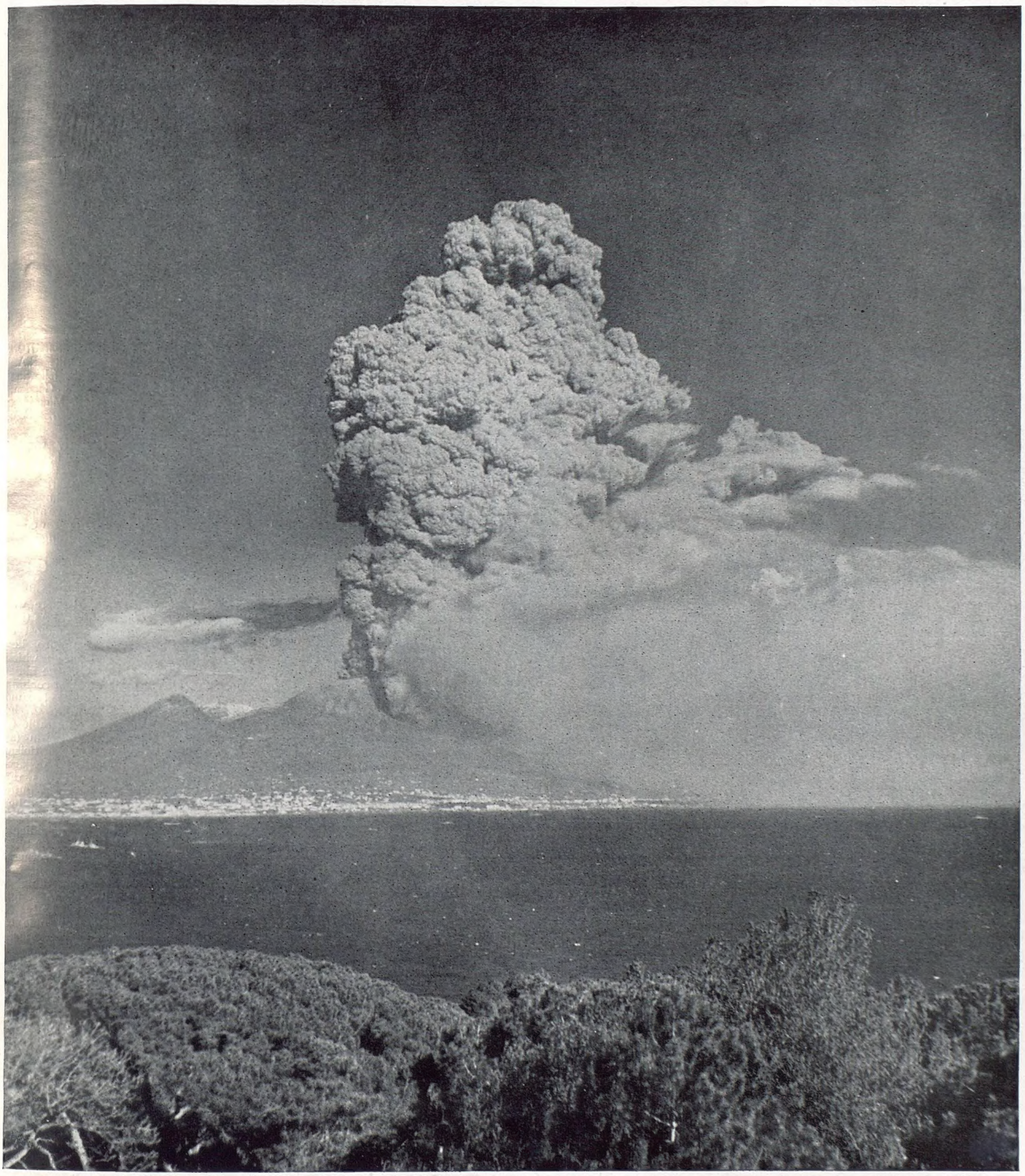
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS: THE DENSE CLOUD OF SMOKE AND DUST BILLOWING UP FROM THE CRATER during the volcano's most violent eruption for many years—a picture taken by a War Office photographer

Owing to the eruptions and lava flow from Mount Vesuvius, all the inhabitants of the twin towns of San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma have now been evacuated by men of the R.A.F., as these two hillside places were directly threatened and have, in fact, now been overwhelmed. Another 7,000 people have been removed from Cercola, a town situated a few miles down the mountain slope. Rivers of lava over a quarter of a mile wide have been rolling down the sides of Vesuvius at a rate of 300 yards an hour, engulfing homes, vineyards and farms. Women stood in the streets weeping as they waited to be evacuated in the R.A.F. lorries. At night the eruption could be seen for miles, and the Allied troops in the battle-line at far-away Cassino watched the trail of molten fire as it streamed steadily down the mountainside. On March 22, although the eruption had diminished slightly, a terrific electrical storm hovered around the crater: each time the volcano threw up molten lava, forked lightning stabbed the skies, adding to the never-to-be-forgotten scene witnessed by all the Allied troops in the area. The volcano now appears to be returning slowly to normal. In the picture reproduced here Vesuvius is seen from across the Bay of Naples, with the town of Naples itself seemingly lying at the base of the volcano (*See also p. 57 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 240

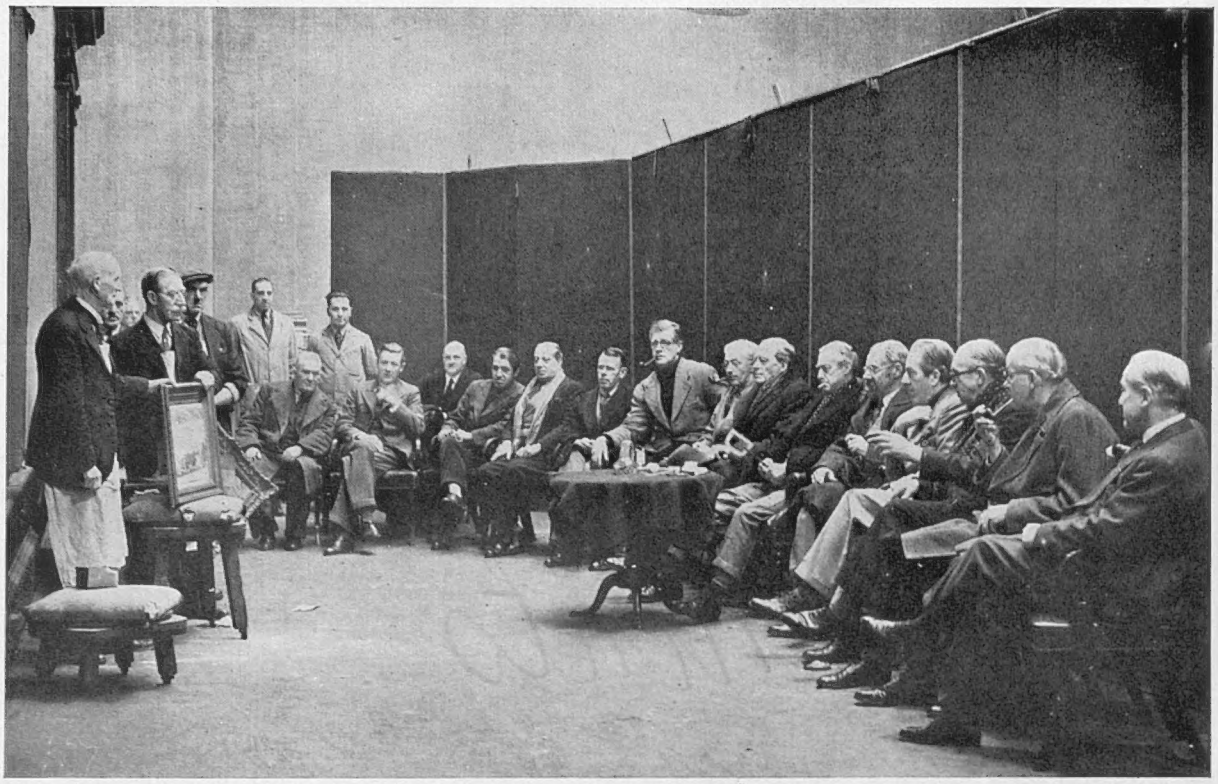
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

We are the Same People.

—When I read the recommendations of Sir Stanley Jackson's Select Committee on Cricket after the War (to which I reserve the right to refer again on another page), a queer thought rose up and hit me in the face: You (my old friend and contemporary) and I are the same two persons who once watched and perhaps played cricket on the green acres of England under a serene blue sky, innocent of death, and watched the shadows lengthen as the sun sank slowly behind the old elms. Believe it or not, it *happened*. Can you put yourself back into that idyll, can you believe it ever happened? As boys, yes, and as men, and indeed as middle-aged men. As *middle-aged men*. Aye, there 's the rub of our eyes. It was "only the other day." We are still middle-aged in years, if not in appearance; and yet that "only the other day" is worlds and a thousand years ago. I won't make the obvious points and contrasts. I doubt whether we shall in our life-times ever again get back to that sense of permanence or serenity as would enable us to squander time as a right use of leisure (and it *is* a right use), even if economic conditions return to justify the de-rationing of Time. I doubt if we shall again acquire the habit of squandering time, any more than we shall again endure the affliction of seven-course dinners and a great range of suits and gear for various occasions. Elaboration of luxuries is grievous. It takes decades of practice to endure and centuries to enjoy it. The only point I would make is this: If we had known (or knowing, *acted*), even we, at least in that day, the things which belonged unto our Peace . . . could we by our actions have averted our fate? We were not far-sighted, we were not active, citizens. We were individually lethargic and easy. But if we had been far-sighted, what could you and I have done? Convert and inspire 40 millions equally lethargic and easy, and then another 400 millions, speaking in other tongues? No easy task to lash 400 millions in Babel to political and international action, to dictate to forty Governments. We sat and watched cricket and talked the sun down the sky, as the clouds gathered and darkened. And what now, next time? Even if Time remain rationed and life remain simplified, and you and I see farther than of old, what can you and I do to avert another black-out? Bond or free? What price this freedom? What can good citizenship do unless all citizens are good?

The Premier to the Nation.

—The technique—the *statesman's* technique—was apparent, as perfect as ever, in the Premier's latest annual review of the war. The art of taking the public into his confidence and saying nothing much, and certainly nothing that will give a handle to Nazis, Japs, wishful thinkers, mischief-makers and other enemies—that was as perfect as ever. The *orator's* technique? I saw a change there. The flowers of the Forest were a' wed awa'; at any rate, they were much less in evidence. The war has left its mark on all of us, even on the Peter Pans. Mr. Churchill, like Pitt, is spending himself in the task of leadership and grudges nothing he spends. He was born a fighter, has loved the battle in every sphere of life, and will die in harness. He has hit his opponents consistently hard and taken hard knocks cheerfully and without bitterness. It surprised me just a little that he should show surprise that any minority (however small) should reveal doubt, criticism or ingratitude of the achievements of his Government. This is no golden age. In our rare golden ages there was always that active minority; none knows it better than the historian. Two years ago I believe Mr. Churchill would not have given a thought or a phrase to its activities, so inevitable, so habitual. But in his broadcast of March 1944 he showed that his feelings were hurt and he chose his phrases. The war has lasted long enough; yet it is still being fought to safeguard that freedom of speech which encourages minorities to speak freely, that freedom of which the Premier is the great protagonist and upholder.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE CHOOSING THE PICTURES FOR THE 176TH SUMMER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, which opens on April 29: For the first time, the Committee sat with the new President of the R.A., Mr. A. J. Munnings, who was elected to succeed Sir Edward Lutyens on March 14. In this group are seen the following (from left to right; seated)—J. Woodford, A.R.A., W. McMillan, R.A., Sir Walter Lamb, K.C.V.O. (Secretary), S. Gooden, A.R.A., A. J. Davis, R.A., G. Ledward, R.A., A. R. Thomson, A.R.A., J. Bateman, R.A., M. Frampton, R.A., A. J. Munnings, P.R.A., S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A., A. K. Lawrence, R.A., T. C. Dugdale, R.A., C. H. James, A.R.A., E. Vincent Harris, R.A.

Sterne's Starling.

—In one of Mary Cholmondeley's forgotten best-sellers, her Edwardian hero had a liaison with a married woman and, falling in love at last with the *right girl*, sought a way out. In vain. "I *can't* get out," said Sterne's Starling (*pace* Miss Cholmondeley). As one who knows what claustrophobia means, I sympathise with the Starling, the Edwardian hero and . . . Hitler's satellites. I was looking at some old Press cuttings of six months or less ago. They speak very confidently of the immediate prospect of separate peaces being made by Finland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria. "Our political correspondent" knew for a fact that emissaries from one and all were even then negotiating with Allied Governments in Turkey, Cairo, Spain, Portugal and where-not. I know that these countries have all had a liaison with a nasty married woman; I am reluctantly ready to swallow it that they have at last fallen in love with the *right girl* (nationality not disclosed). Whether it is true love, or fear or shrewd commercial sense, I do not inquire. Call it true love, the affair drags on. Like Sterne's Starling, they can't get out. At least they find it a teaser. Are they quite certain yet that they will be happier outside the osier bars? Will they be safer, freer and better fed? It is a dangerous game for your journalistic pundit to keep and refer to files. It is an exercise which knocks the stuffing out of prophecy and puts the fool's-cap on omniscience. In the last six months, the chance of Hitler pulling it off at last has not increased. It has diminished with startling suddenness and speed. He was then at 4 to 1 in the betting. Now he is more like 30 to 1 (offered). But the Starlings are still hopping about inside their cages. Is it "can't" or "dare not" or "won't at present"? Perhaps the right girl is still not entirely glamorous or the old liaison still offers mild allurement. The sun climbs slowly, how slowly, still. We still need artificial light But we shall be wise, and patriotic, to ration it.

Mediocrity.

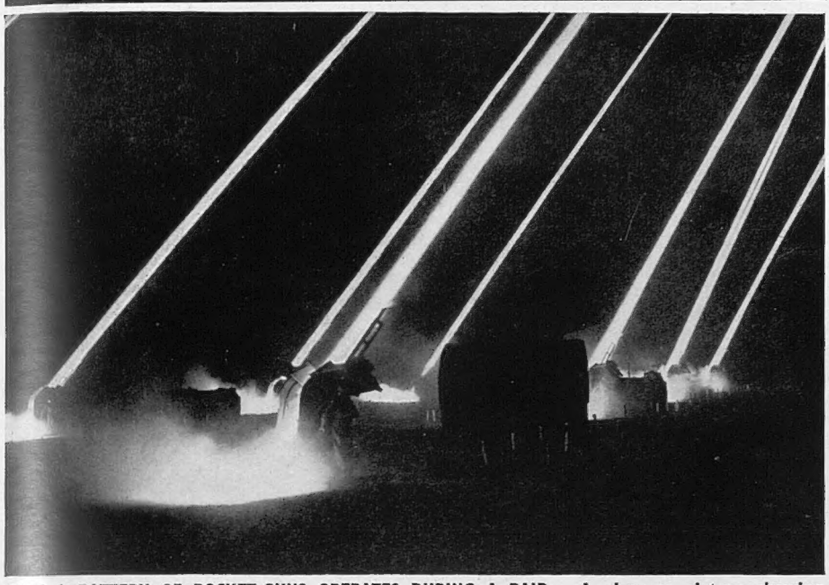
—This is not an apology forced upon me by an angry reader! It is an explanation freely offered of a phrase which I used in a recent *Newsletter*, the sense of which suggested that Ministers in British Governments have often been drawn from mediocrity. I fancy the word has gained a contemptuous meaning. Originally I believe it meant no more than "of the middle degree." As I see it, Nature only occasionally produces a man or woman of first water. The giants in our own history are really very few. From our Premiers downwards our statesmen have been *for the most part* ordinary men of average ability and remarkable, more, I should say, for honesty, sense of duty and responsibility than for vision or brilliant qualities. Some even of our Premiers have been mediocre (in any sense). But I should be the last to brand with any contemptuous meaning which mediocrity may possess, any public man who in war or peace can hold down for several years a departmental post in the Government to the satisfaction of his Chief and, in the main, of the public. Such a man has my admiration and respect. It implies a devotion to duty which earns respect from the most cynical. The point I was making when the word mediocrity slipped from me was that, in a war as complex and impossibly difficult as the present, only a Cabinet and Ministry of Supermen could achieve a faultless organisation after only four years. In short, that accidents will happen in the best regulated family, short of 100 per cent. genius all through—which is not in nature—and that accordingly *petulant* criticism of loose ends and square pegs is unjustifiable and foolish. It 's a counsel of perfection, of course, in Democracy at war. Democracy positively invites criticism and war ensures petulance. But I take off my hat to all who lead, and follow all-out, in our all-out effort. They all deserve our respect and will have well earned whatever rewards await them. I only wish that the great divide which is massing for them when peace comes could be rich enough and large enough to include every one of those anonymous millions (mostly women on the Home Front) who have uncomplainingly and bravely borne so heavy and so important a share of the burden of responsibility, without any expectation of recognition, save an oratorical mass-dewdrop once a year or so. Mediocrity can be a grand thing.

The Parable of the Good Cook.

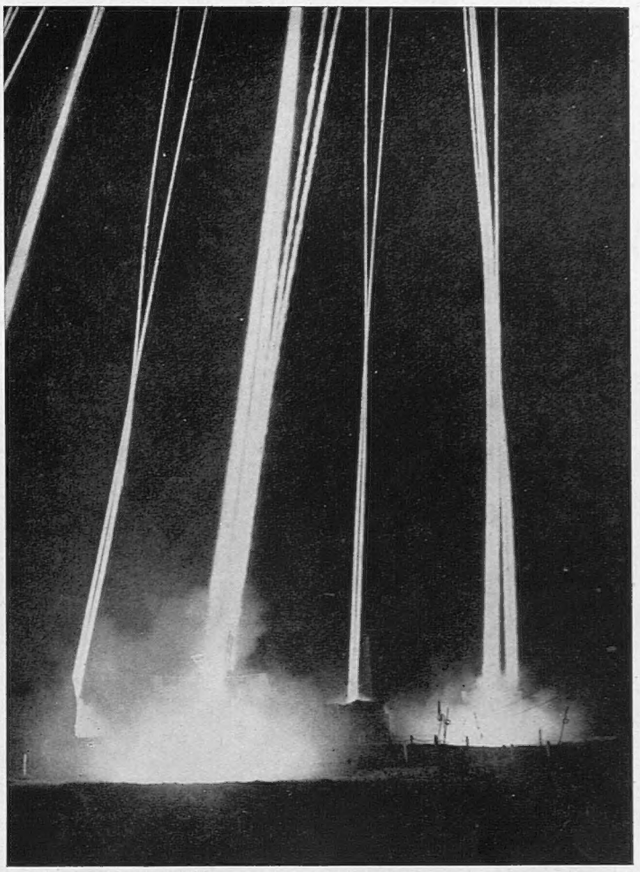
—My neighbour, Lady X, once had a *cordon bleu* cook. There was no cook to compare with her. As time went on, this cook brought most of her nephews and nieces into key positions in the household, of which she came to be regarded as the indispensable hinge. Her genius for cooking never declined, but, as she became more and more of a dictator, so she became more and more vulnerable to the slightest breath of criticism (as dictators will), and even to criticism outside what concerned her department. Her chief weapon was the threat of resignation. She was quite sure she was indispensable and her resignation would, of course, imply the resignation of the whole obedient, nepotic household! One day Lady X gave an old silk frock to the governess. The cook wanted it for one of her protégées. She made the thing a *casus belli* and threatened to resign with all the household. Lady X was in a doo-da. She had come to believe that her cook and all her household were quite irreplaceable and absolutely essential to her if she was to keep her house in order. What to do? Revoke the gift to the governess and give the silk frock to cook? And admit that she was a slave to a tyrant in her own house? An unenviable, intolerable, ridiculous, and even dangerous position. I am not going to say what she did. I do say that no employer should ever admit (or permit her employés to believe) that any cook is indispensable or any person in any post whatsoever irreplaceable. When that idea gets about, it is the end of freedom and the beginning of dictatorship. The odd thing is that this famous cook spent much of her life as a champion of freedom of thought and action and speech, a doughty fighter for the democratic ideals, a veritable scourge of tyrants-in-office. No one is indispensable, *ever*. Certainly not one who assumes the mantle of a dictator. Not even a saviour of his country. The old iron shutters at Apsley House are visible proof of this truth, of which an historian should take note.

THE OLD STAGER

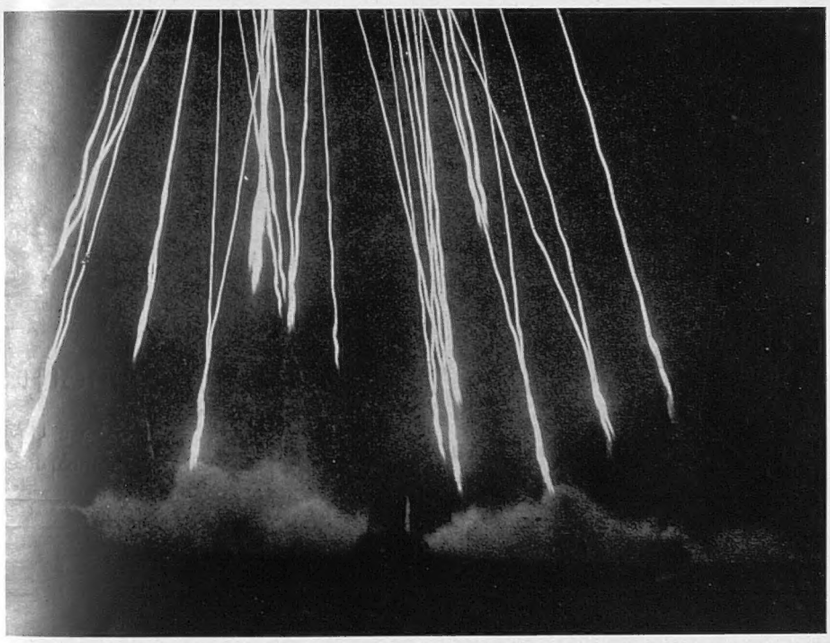
MORE ABOUT THE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKET PROJECTORS



HOW A BATTERY OF ROCKET-GUNS OPERATES DURING A RAID: A close-up picture showing the jet-propulsion effect of the explosion behind the rocket-shell. It seems to leave a pathway of flame behind it on its upward flight



A NIGHT-FIRING PICTURE OF THE ROCKET-GUNS, creating the effect of searchlight beams as the battery fires in unison. A picture taken during a demonstration attended by General Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C., Anti-Aircraft Command



A CLOUD OF SMOKE ON THE GROUND AND A TRAIL OF FLAME IN THE SKY: A concentration of rocket-shells on their way up to "box in" enemy raiders over Britain. A picture taken at a battery manned by Home Guards

THE MULTI-BARRELLED ROCKET-GUNS ARE UNLOADED from lorries and erected for firing at a gun site. The rocket-gun itself is a crude-looking affair: it fires two projectiles simultaneously and is manned by a crew of two. Many of these "Z" Batteries are being manned by members of the Home Guard

A PICTURE FROM AMERICA: ROCKET TARGETS FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT TRAINING. Streaking upwards in thick white streams, the rockets have barely left their launching carriages before they are caught in a web of anti-aircraft fire. Some of the jet-propelled targets have already been nipped and their remains are falling in thin streaks towards the ground (see notes on right)

The pictures reproduced above were taken during a recent demonstration given by members of the Home Guard who man the "Z" Batteries of rocket-guns which constitute one of our defences against German raiders by air. These weapons are used in numbers, at one and the same time: they hurl whole blocks of terrifying rocket-shells simultaneously into the sky to cover blocks of ceiling space in which enemy raiders have been reported. One of the chief advantages of the rocket over the ordinary anti-aircraft shell is that, while the shell gradually loses its high initial velocity, the rocket retains its velocity right up to the time it reaches the target.

The picture shown on the left illustrates a new idea in anti-aircraft training in the United States, where jet-propelled targets are now being used. The idea is to give the gunners practical experience in firing at "enemy planes" diving at terrific speed. Fired from specially-designed carriages, the rockets have an initial velocity of 450 miles per hour, or 675 ft. per second. They are released from a range at Holly Shelter, a Camp Davis (North Carolina) firing-point. Manning .50-calibre machine-guns and 20- and 40-mm. weapons, the gunners improve their aim and accuracy as they track the fast-moving targets, which are stated to be 59 ins. in length. The rockets always describe an approximate parabola, and they have a maximum horizontal range of about 2,200 yards

A BRITISH ARTILLERY ENCAMPMENT IN THE FLAT PLAIN OF THE BEACHHEAD. Being under constant observation by the enemy, everything within the area has to be carefully camouflaged

This picture was taken during a lull in the bombardment of German positions near Cisterna: the gunners have broken off to have a meal in their little bivouac tents, where they live and sleep. There is hardly a square inch in the beachhead which is not commanded by the enemy's guns; but our own artillery has not been idle, all types replying steadily on the distant enemy lines with their shells. On at least three occasions, all-out efforts by the Germans to break the Allied lines were frustrated by our artillery. British guns—25-pounders, 4·5-in., 5·5-in. and 105-mm. self-propelled guns—were largely responsible for breaking these attacks. 25-pounders alone poured 82,000 rounds into the enemy ranks on these three days of heavy counter-attack, when the Royal Artillery reached a peak of fire

THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD

Where the Allied Troops are Under Continuous German Bombardment

THE FIFTH ARMY AT ANZIO GOES UNDERGROUND to defeat the anti-personnel bombs of the Germans: Gunners of a Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery leaving "Sea View Hotel." The *Luftwaffe* are trying, by day and night bombing over the Anzio area, to weaken the Allies' hold on the beachhead. As well as medium and heavy bombs, they are showering anti-personnel bombs over the areas where thousands of vehicles are concentrated within approximately 70 square miles. During their initial attacks the *Luftwaffe* gained some success with these deadly weapons, but since then the troops have defeated the anti-personnel bomb by systematically digging themselves and their vehicles into the ground On this front it is the spade which is the soldier's best friend

COMMANDOS IN ACTION: Men starting out on pat into thickly-wooded country

Commando troops have been in action in the beachhe pushing the Germans out of wadis, stopping them fr infiltrating through our positions and mopping up th observation posts. They work nearly always by night, do not wear helmets while out on patrol

THE COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS: A sentry stat guard over the entrance to the camouflag dug-out concealed in a wooded stretch

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF CASSINO AS SEEN FROM THE AIR, showing the great havoc caused by Allied bombs during the battle for the town. Not a single building remains whole

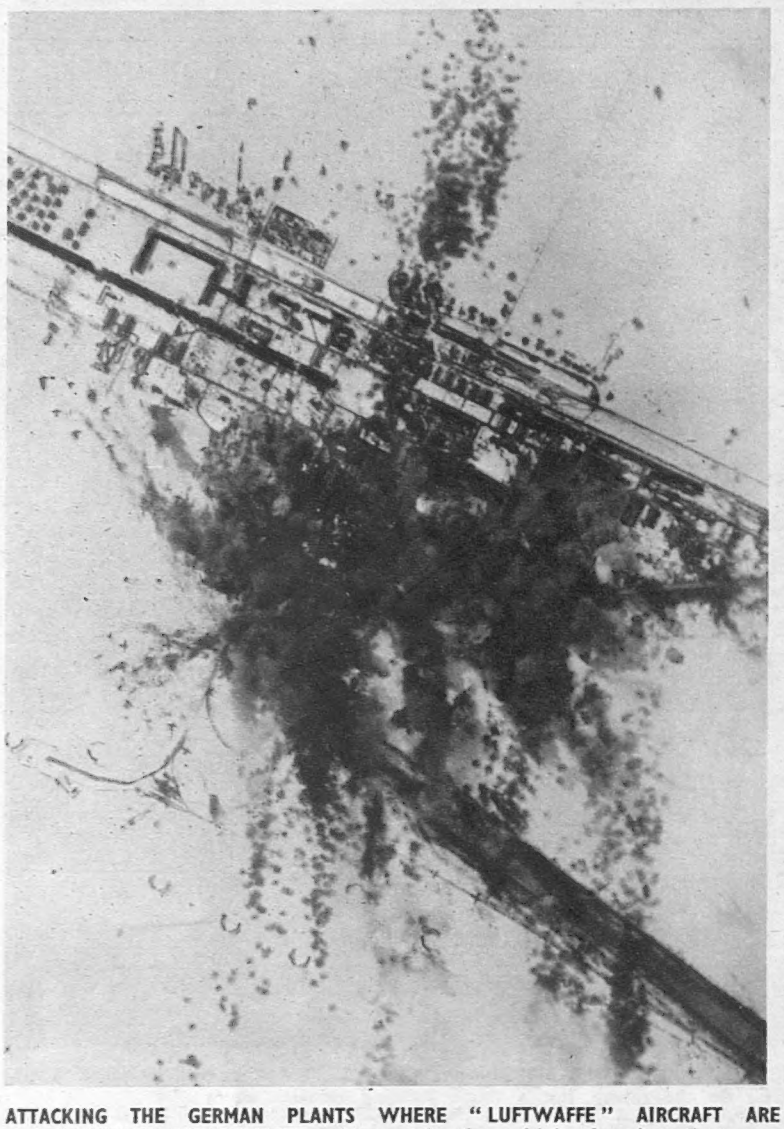
THE CASSINO BATTLEGROUND

Where the Effort to Drive Out the Germans has Proved Unavailing So Far

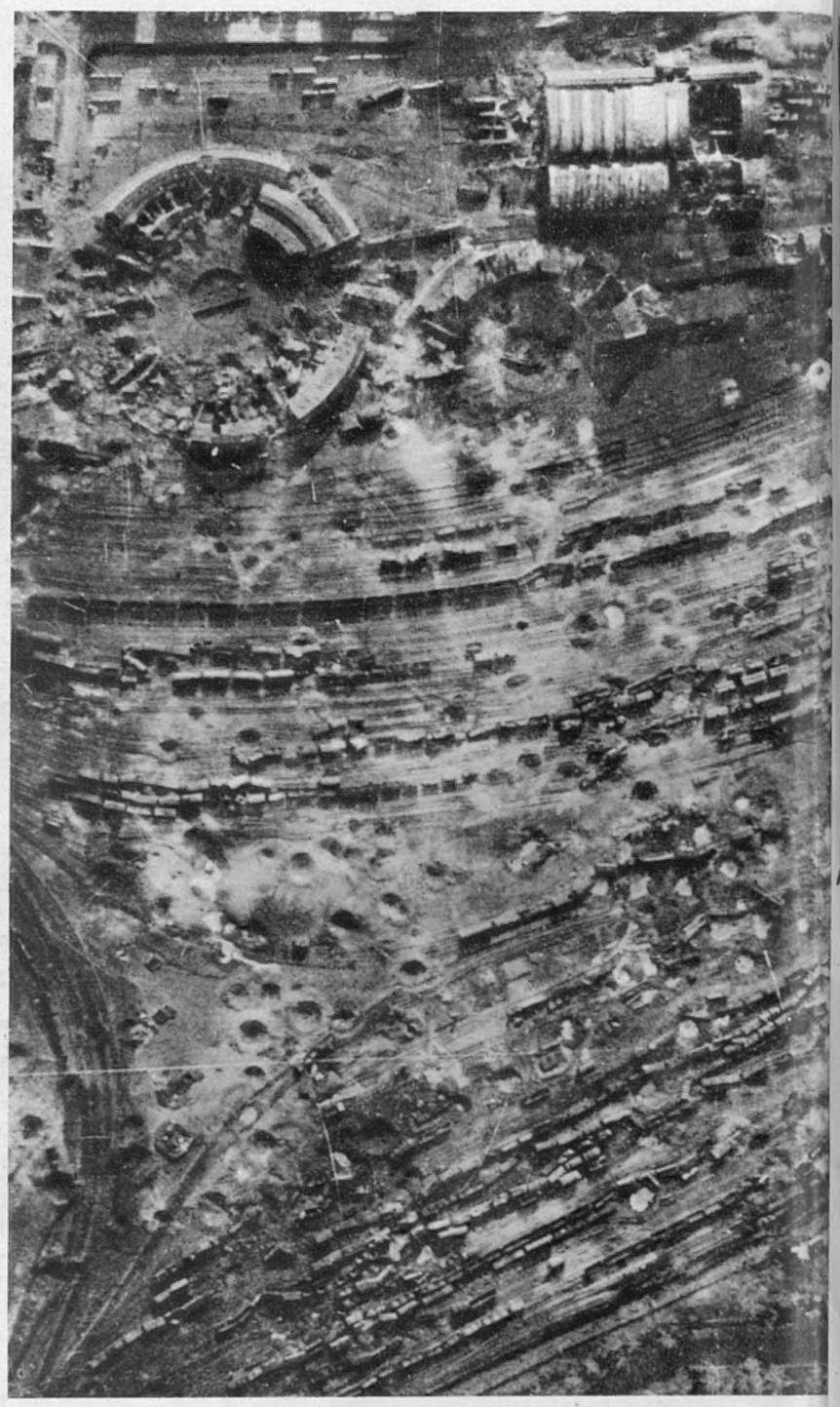
The battle for Cassino and Monastery Hill opened on March 15. The town was entered by New Zealand troops (brought across Italy from the Eighth Army area) the same afternoon: soon they were reducing the enemy's strongholds, one by one, amidst the ruins. But, after the first shock of the terrific bombing and bombardment, the Germans were able to bring up reinforcements, until both sides "overlapped," with parties infiltrating into each other's lines. Some of the New Zealand and Gurkha troops were also able to secure footholds on the slopes of Monastery Hill, crowned by the famous Benedictine Abbey; but later they had to be brought back, owing to the intensity of the German artillery fire. It is now generally admitted by correspondents on the spot that the situation had not developed in the manner expected (*see also* pp. 42-43)

THE BATTLEFIELD AROUND CASSINO AND MONASTERY HILL AS SEEN FROM THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN. The latter is now a heap of rubble: on the slopes of Monastery Hill (seen in the left background) New Zealand and Gurkha troops managed to secure footholds, but later they were withdrawn, owing to the heavy artillery bombardments carried out by the Germans

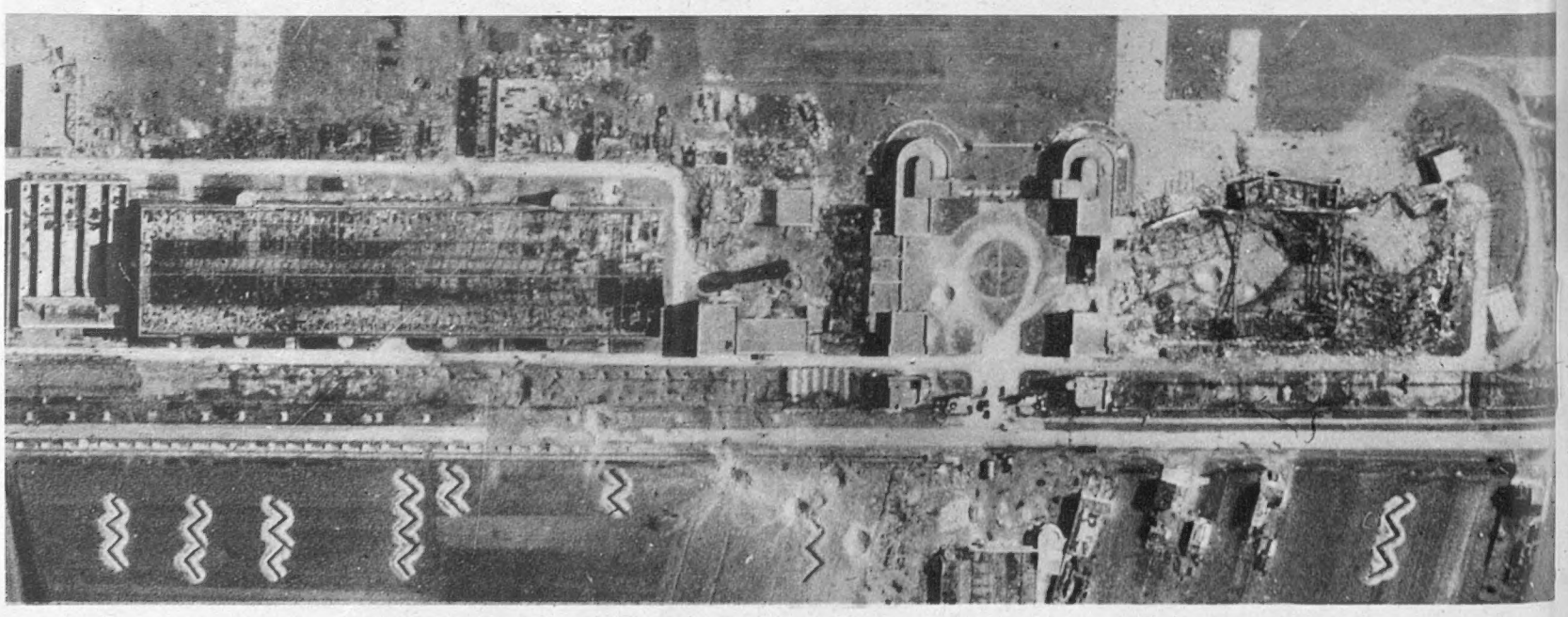
SMASHING GERMAN FACTORIES
and FRENCH RAIL COMMUNICATIONS
Reconnaissance Photographs Showing the Striking Results of Recent British and American Bomber Raids



ATTACKING THE GERMAN PLANTS WHERE "LUFTWAFFE" AIRCRAFT ARE ASSEMBLED AND REPAIRED. The result of a raid by American Fortresses on the Dornier Works at Oberpfaffenhofen, carried out in daylight on March 18: As part of their declared policy to blot out the aircraft factories of Germany, the U.S. Eighth Air Force heavily blasted the Dornier Works at Oberpfaffenhofen in daylight on Saturday, March 18. It is here that the final assembly and repair plants of the Dornier Company are located. Two assembly shops were left burning as the result of the large-scale attack by the Fortresses, and a repair shop and two hangars were damaged; in addition, a storage area was set on fire. In this picture the bombs are seen actually bursting on the factory. There were approximately seventy-seven planes on the ground when the bombs found their target: forty of them were damaged or destroyed

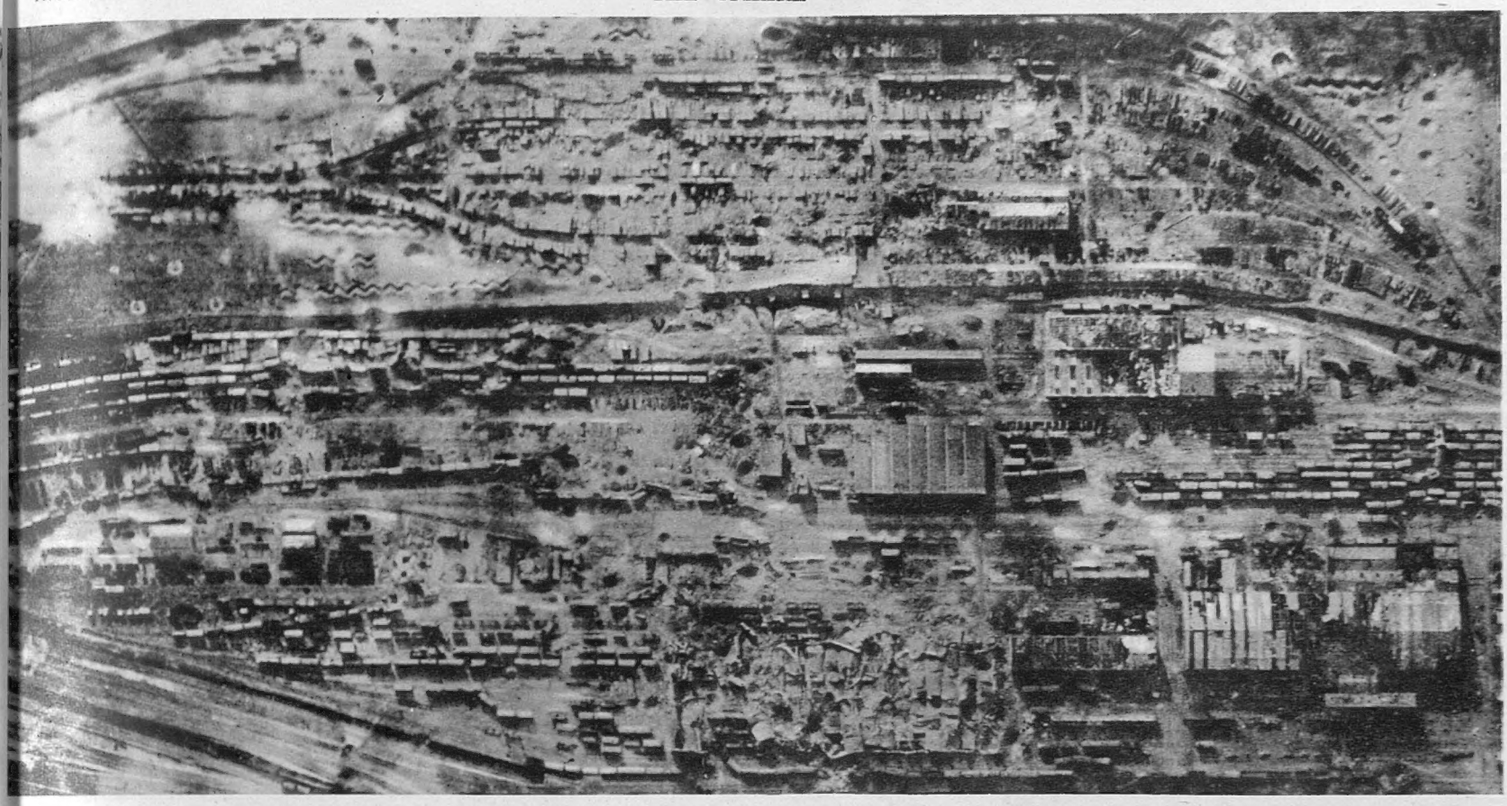


"PIN-POINT" BOMBING BY THE R.A.F. WRECKS KEY RAILWAY CENTRES IN FRANCE A section of the railway yards at Amiens. Scores of craters overlap where on the tracks stood: two engine round-houses (at top) are almost complet destroyed, and there is severe damage to a locomotive shed (top, right). Rolli stock has also suffered heavily, with wagons and other equipment lying all ov the area. In some cases the railway tracks have completely disappeared

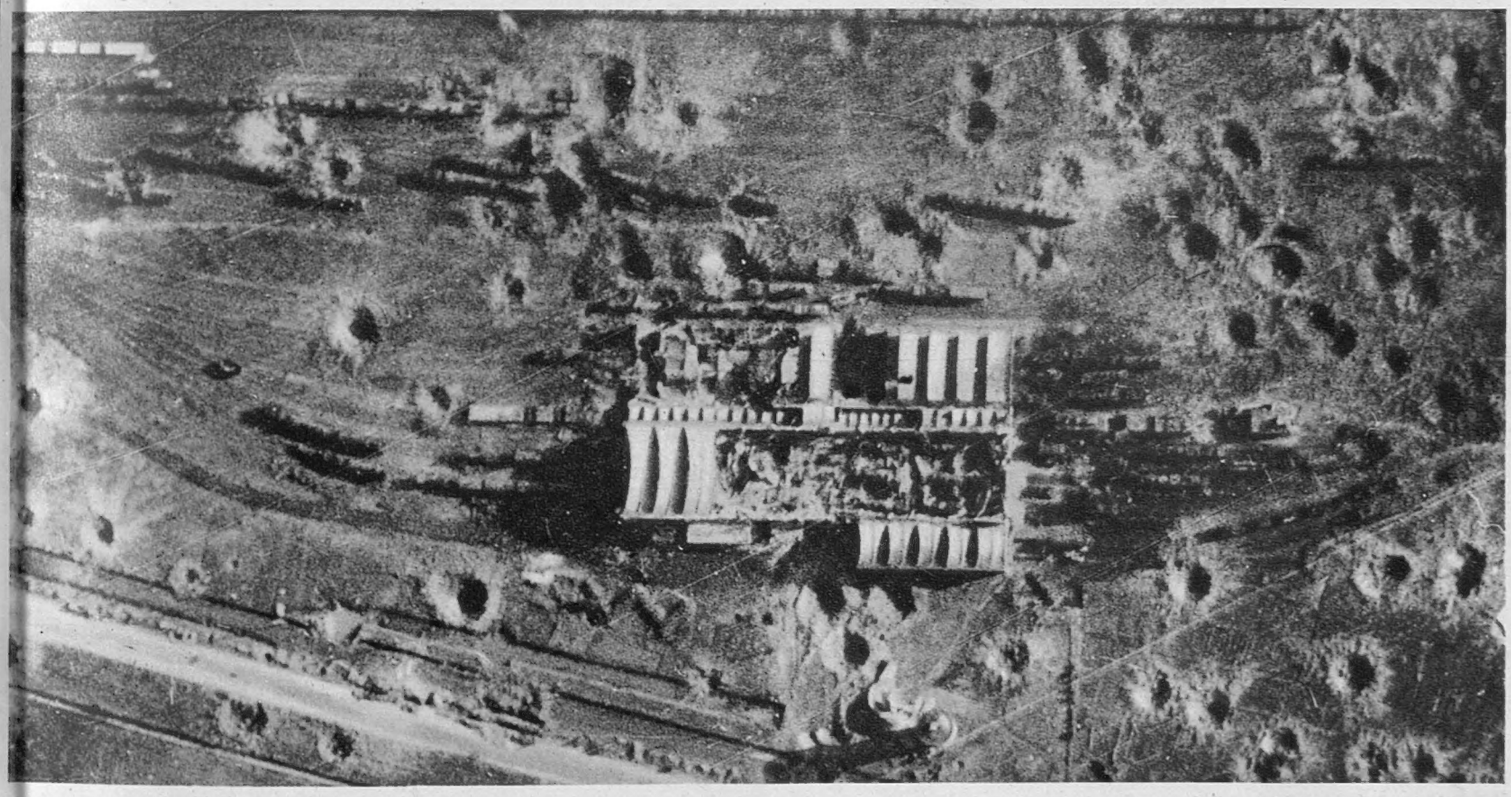


R.A.F. HEAVY BOMBERS ASSIST IN THE DESTRUCTION OF GERMAN AIRCRAFT FACTORIES: A view of the wrecked airfield at Chateauroux-Deols, where Siebel 204 plan were maintained and repaired, after an attack on the night of March 10-11

Not only are the Americans engaged on the task of interfering with the flow of aircraft to the *Luftwaffe*: the R.A.F., too, have frequently marked out similar targets for the attention of their "Heavies." On the night of March 10-11, for instance, a visit was paid to the S.N.C.A. du Sud-Ouest Aircraft Factory: this is located at an airfield at Chateauroux-Deols, midway between Tours and Montlucon, in France. The factory is known to be engaged in the maintenance and repair of Siebel 204s, one of the most useful transport aircraft used by the Germans. Photographic reconnaissance has n established that, as a result, of accurate bombing the plant has been very seven damaged. The picture above shows some of the wrecked buildings: hangars, worksho offices and stores have been obliterated in some instances, and very severely damaged others. The photograph also shows clearly how concentrated was the "pin-point bombing



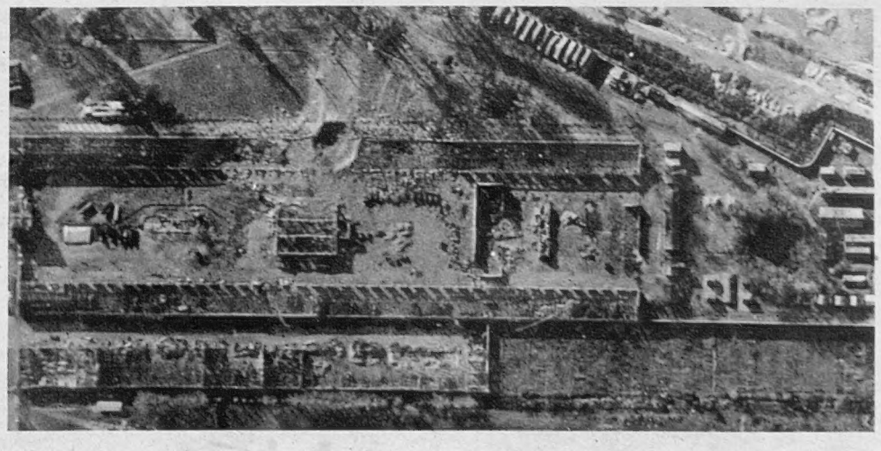
A SECTION OF THE RAILWAY YARDS AND INSTALLATIONS AT AMIENS-LONGEAU after a recent raid by Bomber Command of the R.A.F. Workshops and other buildings are seen in the picture to be blasted or burned out: the railway tracks are either obliterated completely or torn up: the rolling stock has been wrecked and scattered like matchwood over a wide area. This attack by the R.A.F. must have caused great dislocation to German communications in Northern France, and it will probably take many months before all the damage can be repaired—if at all



THE SCENE AT TRAPPES, ANOTHER RAILWAY CENTRE IN NORTHERN FRANCE ATTACKED BY THE R.A.F. The devastation which now exists around the engine-shed, which was three-parts demolished during the raid. There are at least six wrecked engines lying among the debris

Great damage has been wrought during the course of recent "precision" attacks by Bomber Command on the important French railway installations at Amiens, Le Mans and Trappes. Heavy blows have been struck at all three points—important links in the rail system on which the Germans depend for the movement of men and materials in Northern and North-Western France. Reconnaissance photographs (of which three are given here) reveal complete devastation among rolling stock, tracks, engine workshops and rail installations generally, and it is evident that, as a result, there has been serious dislocation in all the enemy's rail communications

***On right*—A PICTURE TAKEN BY THE R.A.F. which confirms the widespread damage done by the saboteurs of the Grenoble district:** In the *Sphere* of March 26, a page was devoted to pictures of a very striking piece of sabotage carried out by French patriots in Grenoble on November 13, 1943. On that day 30 tons of powder and 300 tons of ammunition were exploded by saboteurs in the Artillery Park: later the Grenoble Barracks were destroyed and more than 200 Germans were killed. The R.A.F. have now secured reconnaissance photographs, of which that reproduced on the right is one. It shows the Parc d'Artillerie as it appears to-day, with only a few walls standing. Damage is evident on all hands, with one particularly huge crater



RUSSIA AND THE POPULAR *FAIT ACCOMPLI*

The New-Style Diplomacy of Acting First and Talking Afterwards when it Comes to Awkward Situations. By FERDINAND TUOHY

ALTHOUGH Thesaurus gives no hint of it, the term "*fait accompli*" has come to imply some action taken without consulting others who are affected, and who would be likely to object and maybe to oppose. It is a bit of quick work ending with an unmistakable: "And you and you can do what you like about it!"

The *fait accompli* can be the expression of a gamble, or it can signify the sudden seizure of an unexpected, though wished-for, opportunity. It may spring from impatience to exploit a situation morally justified or that is being stupidly held back. It sometimes intimates that unilateral action was only taken as a means of protection against being diddled. Or it is the finishing stroke of a carefully thought-out political design. There was not a great number of *faits accomplis* during the twenty years between wars. The existence of the League mitigated against them. There was the prospect of being hauled before the Council and of being shown up and dispossessed. Geneva's antennæ on occasions quivered to impending unilateral actions, and these were nipped in the bud. But not always, and progressively less in later years.

D'Annunzio's seizure of Fiume in defiance of Wilson, Versailles and the Council of Ambassadors was a gamble by a showman. Italy was being done out of things promised, but the poet's calling attention to the fact was geographically ill-chosen, and after a year it was blown high by nothing more than an Italian Premier's order to a warship. The Poles' seizure of Vilna from Lithuania was of different category. A deliberate defiance of a common finding, it succeeded for nearly two decades. The bombardment of Corfu which followed three years later, in 1923, was Mussolini's first *fait accompli*, for it gave him, in addition to an indemnity, prestige to assert himself in the Ionian Sea and in Albania.

Thereupon there seems to have been a protracted spell without any *faits accomplis*, not until more than ten years later, when Mussolini again was the agent, this time by staging the intentionally fateful Wal Wal incident across the Abyssinian border. Bigger stuff was coming along. On March 6, 1936, Hitler staged by far the most pregnant of inter-war *faits accomplis* when he marched into the Rhineland, tearing up Versailles and flinging the pieces in the faces of Paris and London. Yet it was a complete gamble. Had the French Army been ordered to dispose of the *Wehrmacht*, this had instructions to retire; and the French Chamber decided to do nothing only by one solitary vote!

"*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*" That's how it was with Hitler, if it could be as easy as all that! There followed the major *faits accomplis* of the overnight entries into Vienna and Prague. Excited, Mussolini carried on the movement with his Good Friday excursion into Albania, after which, Hitler resumed by taking over Danzig. The Führer's last effort in the *fait accompli* line may be said to have been the occupation of Copenhagen in *der Nacht*—in the night—his favourite tune. Though some months later Franco put over a thorough-going *fait accompli* by seizing international Tangiers, whose two main props, France and Britain, he reckoned had "gone."

The present crop of *faits accomplis* are of two varieties: diplomatic and military. As it is hard to see what further opportunities Hitler will have after his taking over of Budapest, Bucarest and Sofia—the terrain being exhausted, as it were—although Goebbels has promised more surprises on the political side—as the Führer's *faits accomplis* look to be drawing to a close, we turn to the Allies, and not without reason. For if Russia is gaining most attention by acting on its own, the United States have developed a penchant for proceeding unilaterally on the diplomatic plane, while there are premonitory signs that in due course smaller fry will adopt kindred methods unless a halt is called.

To what extent the State Department really has been acting on its own, as distinct from drawing on the exceptional latitude which its principal Ally has obviously granted it, cannot be properly determined at this stage.

Touching the recognition and non-recognition of South American Republics, by which Washington manifestly wishes to steer local politics, it is a fair assumption that we have said "Go ahead and we 'll tangle along with you." (Whitehall must be talking American by now.) Again, the oil and other pressure put on Spain may have come as an awkward surprise for Sir Samuel Hoare, but did it surprise at "a higher level" nearer home? As for the partial isolation of Eire policy, we immediately implemented it in a manner leaving no doubt that we were aware of the American intention to challenge the Axis envoys in Dublin.

There is a truer ring of the *fait accompli* about Secretary Knox's declaration on behalf of the U.S. Navy that the Japanese Pacific Islands must become American. This is the kind of attitude which seems to be informing all who find the *fait accompli* a satisfying solution in these times of small faith. It is as if these nations, having decided upon certain geographical features as the minimum guarantee of their security, do not propose to risk their claims before an international peace-making audience, Charter or no Charter.

Another instance where the United States give the impression of acting alone is in refusing to recognise the claim of the French National Committee to govern France civilly as and when that country is liberated. True, this cannot be characterised as a *fait accompli*, because it is being done in sight of all and with at least our reluctant or partial consent. Yet it is action of a kind in which no other Ally freely concurs, and, as such, it may at a later date summon Frenchmen, in their turn, to the *fait accompli*.

But nowhere is the *fait accompli* more popular than in Moscow, where it is practised with a smiling aplomb, as if Stalin were saying: "But surely you knew we were going to do this? Come, have another vodka!" The ball was started rolling when the U.S.S.R. announced its forthcoming state as consisting of sixteen autonomous republics, five of them bordering Eastern Europe. Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania were to be reintegrated in the Union; the Finns pushed 100 miles from Leningrad; the Poles would have to be satisfied with approximately the Curzon Line, and Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina would be reintegrated too. All this without any peace parleys involving foreign Powers, whatever these might think.

Nor were purely diplomatic *faits accomplis* missing from the tale. Moscow was the first fully to recognise Marshal Tito and General de Gaulle. It signed an all-in treaty with President Benes. But it was its recognition of King Victor and Marshal Badoglio which put the fat in the fire—or on the Washington heaters. What was the game? Well, there you have me. The best bet may be Lippmann's, that the Russians "watched us manipulating recognition and not carrying out the spirit or the letter of the Moscow Agreement about getting rid of Fascists. They also wanted to do business in tangible things from Italy, in naval ships, in access to the Balkans, etc."

Well may one wonder what further unilateral surprises the U.S.S.R. may have in store.

The Union of Polish Patriots, which Moscow is expected to translate to Warsaw when it is time to decide about the next Government there, demands that East Prussia, Pomerania and Silesia be restored to Poland, no matter if big German majorities have implanted themselves in all three territories down the centuries. To what extent will Russian support be forthcoming? That it will be prompt and entire in relation to "Peoples' Governments" likely to see the light in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, is deemed a foregone conclusion. And Moscow would show positive alacrity in recognising a similar regime in Greece.

As the Russians are no less set on ensuring free egress from the Baltic, it would be rash to rule out the possibility of accomplished facts in that quarter, too. All of which may disconcert; yet there is no point in not facing it. One is even justified in anticipating further unilateral behaviour in respect of a vanquished Germany unless a joint policy is firmly and ineradicably sealed. For instance, we want the *Reichswehr* disbanded along with the rest of the *Wehrmacht*. But the Russians have spoken differently, though whether they mean it or not is another matter. The Russians are also said to want astronomical financial reparations while others do not. And what of the eventual demarcation line between the occupying armies in Germany?

Yes, there is plenty of room ahead for *faits accomplis*. And, by the same token, it is high time for closer collaboration and a redefinition of aims in more precise language. Failing as much, it will not be Britain's fault should *faits accomplis* multiply hereafter. The Continent is well aware that we sincerely desire to give individual nations as nearly as possible the regimes their peoples want, if only because we have got to live close to them, and because we know they 'll eventually take what governmental forms they wish.

It is a thousand pities that Fourth Term politics in Washington interfere so with the crystallisation of European affairs at this tragic pass. The uncertainty surrounding the next administration is already proving no light handicap to the Western Allies. As if in an intelligently ordered universe, a presidential election could not be either advanced or postponed in times such as these!

RUSSIA'S CONTACTS WITH HER BORDER STATES

ESTONIA: Citizens of the Estonian Soviet Republic, who took their household property with them when they hid from the Germans, listen to instructions from a Red Army officer who visited their forest hide-out after the liberation of the area by the advancing Soviet forces

YUGOSLAVIA: Lieut.-Col. Marco Messic, commander of the Yugoslav Army Group in Russia, presented with colours on behalf of Marshal Tito. The group serves with the Red Army: it consists of Serb, Croat and Slovene patriots who crossed No-Man's Land from the German and Hungarian armies, guerrilla fighters and men from Nazi labour battalions and concentration camps. Lieut.-Colonel Messic is here addressing his men after the dedication of the colours

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Captain O. Zacora (on left) with some of his men of the Second Battalion of the Czech Brigade fighting with the Red Army. Captain Zacora, a paratroop officer, has been decorated with the Military Cross with two bars, and the Order of the Patriotic War, 1st class

POLAND: Girls in military training in Russia. These sturdy Polish girls are destined for duty with a unit of the Red Army in the front line. In Russia there are many women who have seen service with the fighting troops

HEROIC BRITISH WOMEN CARRY ON IN THE TENTED HOSPITALS AT ANZIO. They move from tent to tent as required, while the whole of the beachhead area in which they work is under shellfire from the German long-range artillery. The hospitals in which they work have often been bombarded and bombed by the enemy—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

BRITISH NURSES at ANZIO

Caring for the Wounded Under Enemy Shell-Fire in the Beachhead Hospitals

A FARMHOUSE WITHIN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD WHICH IS USED FOR ABDOMINAL CASES. Here British nursing-sisters serve with the front-line Medical Units : Sixteen British nursing-sisters—members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service—are working with two Allied medical units on the Anzio battlefront. They work under shellfire, some with a mobile Casualty Clearing Unit, some in a "dug-in" Field Surgical Station. Wearing battledress, they work in co-operation with British and U.S. medical officers under difficult conditions, and they are proud of the fact that they are closer to the front line than any British women have been allowed before in this war. They are doing splendid work ; but it is probable that more of such women will be needed at the front

On left—

A FRONT-LINE NURSE WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY : Sister Gibson feeding a patient from Saskatchewan, Canada : A battle was at its height only 18 miles away when the Casualty Clearing Station to which Sister Sadie Gibson belongs opened up the nearest hospital to the line. In twenty-four hours the unit took over, cleaning up a former museum, unloaded equipment from thirty lorries, prepared an operating theatre, and ran electric cables throughout the building. When Sister Gibson had finished her four years training in Edinburgh Infirmary (her home town) she volunteered for the Q.A.I.M.N.S. Reserve. She has been overseas a year ; worked with the First Army in Africa ; sailed in a troopship and a hospital ship. She made her first flight when rushed by air to join her unit for the invasion of Sicily. Her day begins at 7.45 a.m. and ends at 8 p.m.

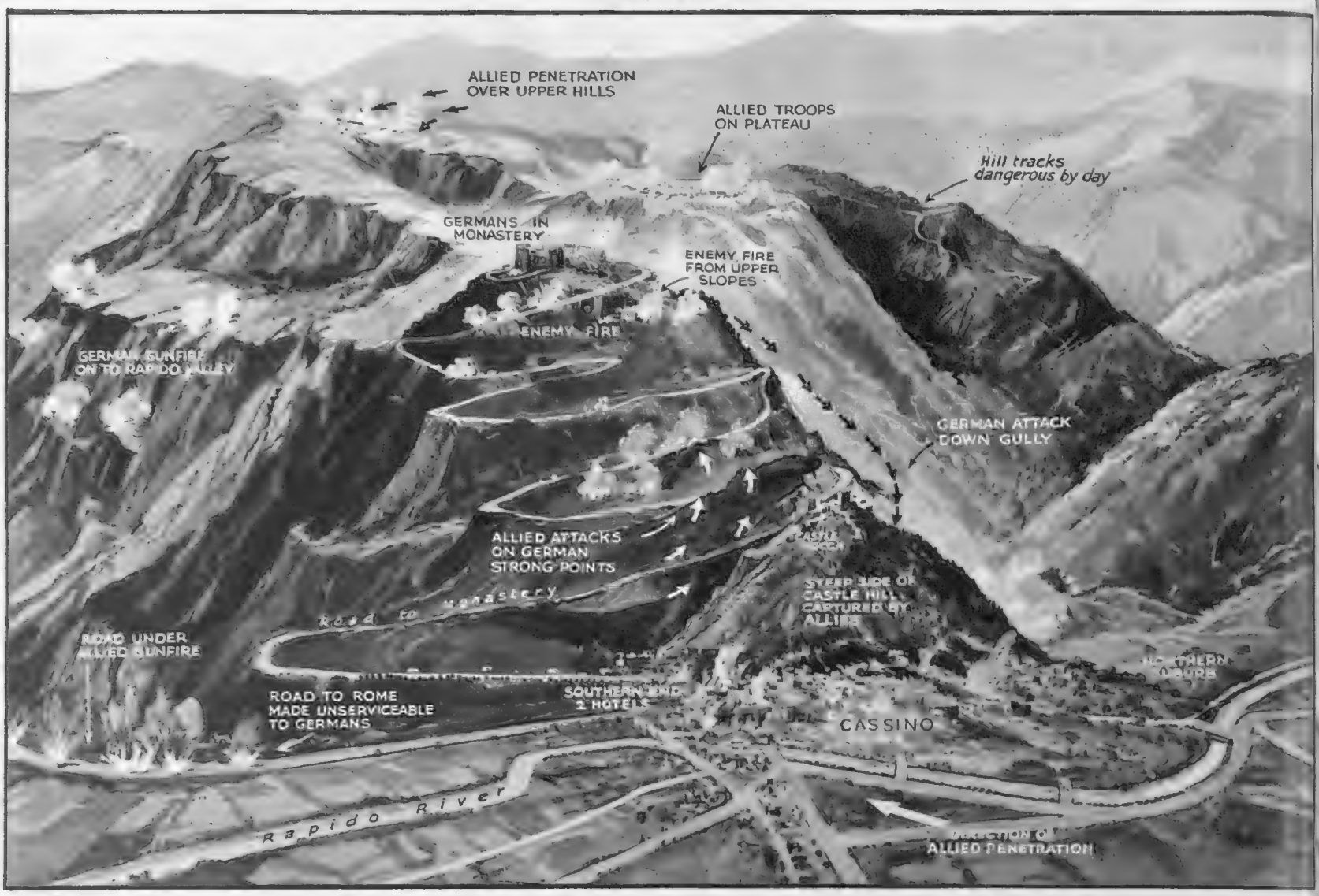
SISTER-IN-CHARGE J. E. PORTEOUS, Q.A.I.M.N.S., talking to Lieut.-Col. D. M. Mitchell, Officer Commanding Number 15 Mobile Casualty Clearing Station at Anzio

NURSING-SISTER S. M. GREAVES, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (of the Precentory, Lincoln), watches a patient being carried into the reception tent at No. 15 Mobile Casualty Clearing Station

The POSITION at CASSINO

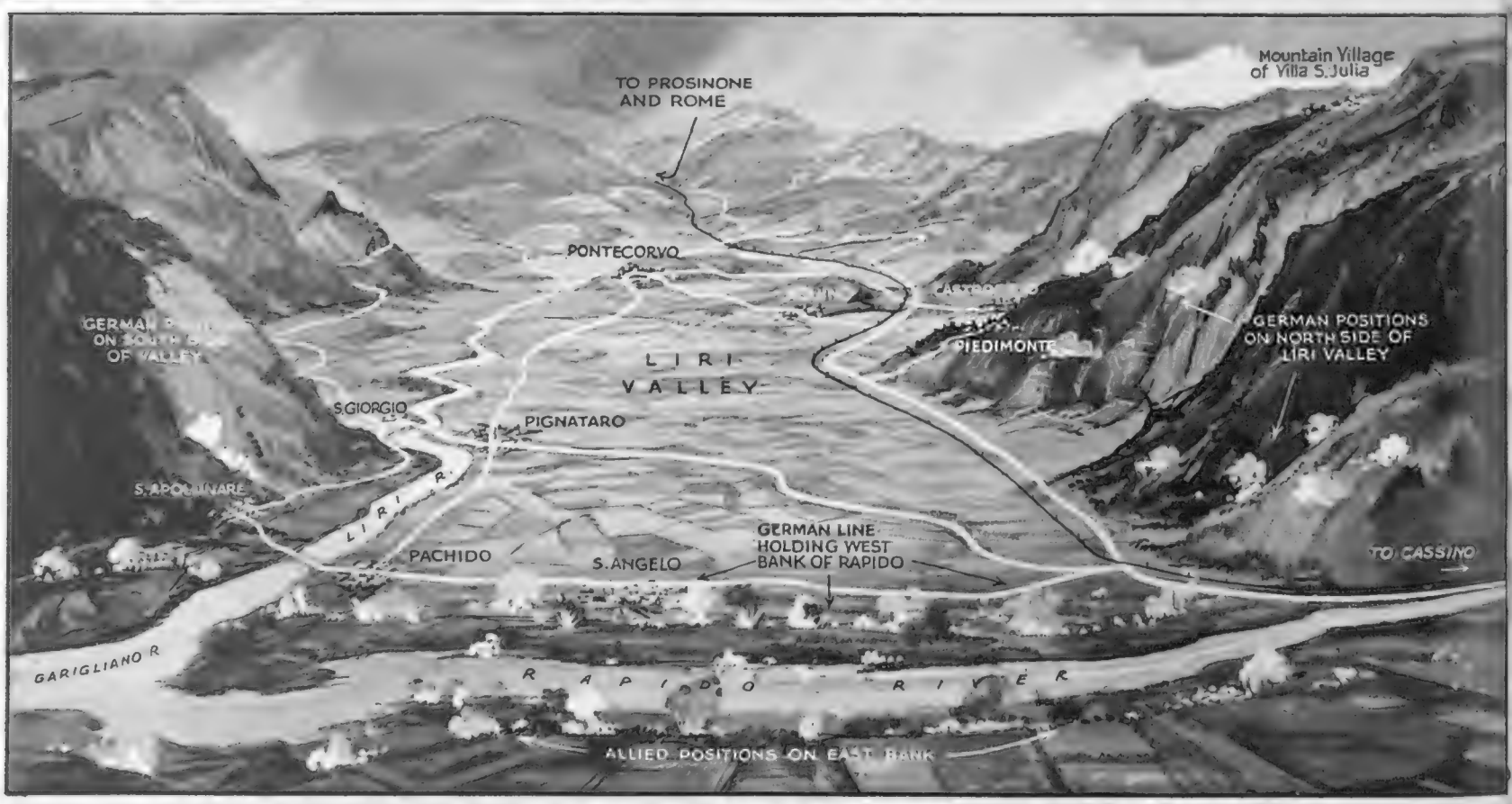
The Complex Fighting In and Around the Town, with Allied and German Forces Overlapping

—Special Sphere Drawings



THE DIFFICULT SITUATION WITHIN THE CASSINO BASTION: How the contending forces became locked together between Castle Hill and Monastery Hill, while fighting went on desperately for the strong-points in the town itself—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Towards the end of March the situation at Cassino had become complex to a degree. Only to the south, where the fighting was more intense round the hotel area, was it possible to chart the enemy resistance. The fighting was not confined to the town itself. It extended to the Castle Hill immediately behind the town—a bare, rocky eminence difficult to scale on certain sides. This was the scene of constant attack and counter-attack, which extended to a much lesser hill at the foot of the Monastery Hill slopes. A little higher up the enemy has a number of guns and positions in caverns and the mouths of tunnels. The enemy would emerge suddenly from these hidden tunnels and force back our troops holding advanced positions. The guns on both sides were active day after day, the enemy shelling villages up the Camino Valley while Allied guns found the main road leading to Rom



THE GUSTAV LINE, OF WHICH CASSINO FORMS THE MOST IMPORTANT BASTION: This view shows the Liri Valley, looking into the Promised Land: along the west bank of the Rapido River the Germans hold a fortified line against the Fifth Army. The hills forming the valley walls are also firmly held by the enemy—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Gustav Line is a wall stretching between two massive bastions; the eastern bastion is Cassino town and its supporting hills, and the western bastion is the high Aurunci mountain-mass facing Garigliano. The "line," or wall, stretches across the wide Liri Valley, on the farther side of the Rapido River, which, after passing through Cassino town, flows across the plain to join the Garigliano and Liri Rivers. Much of the ground here is covered with marshes fringed with tall rushes—a duck-shooting district in peacetime. A few villages occupy sites on rising ground; S. Angelo and Pachido are typical of these. They are connected with a road which crosses the valley from east to west. Similar roads are to be found a little farther back which serve to link the two sides of the valley, the hills of which are held by the enemy. Our approaches to the Gustav Line, accomplished after severe fighting, evidently disturbed the enemy, who showed great unwillingness to admit us into any part of the valley. The desperate resistance at Cassino is evidence of this. On the other hand, military opinion is unwilling to regard the Gustav Line as an egg with a hard-surface resistance, but with little defence within it. It is pointed out that there are several other positions farther up the valley between Pignataro and Pontecorvo which could also be defended with advantages to the enemy—and probably will be, after the Gustav Line itself has been forced

STALEMATE AMONGST THE RUBBLE OF CASSINO. British advanced troops in the town toss their hand-grenades into the lines which the Germans established and reinforced amongst the ruined buildings after the terrific bombardment from air and land—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

It is run or be killed in Cassino to-day when the infantrymen move from the shelter of one mound of rubble to another. Not a ruined building, not a yard of ground, within the town is being abandoned uncontested by the enemy. After the unprecedented bombing and bombardment of March 15, little exists in Cassino to-day beyond great masses of rubble and the lower portions of once-considerable buildings. Through this indescribable mass Germans and Allies are fighting almost hand-to-hand, with the rifle, machine-gun and grenade as the principal weapons. Often our men are marooned for many hours on end, with little food, owing to the havoc caused by snipers amongst the relieving ration parties. In some cases, great execution has been caused amongst the enemy with hand-grenades: the British weapon in this, as in the last war, still seems superior to that of the Germans!

DROPPING SUPPLIES TO ALLIED TROOPS CUT OFF ON A HILL PLATEAU NEAR MONTE CASSINO. This body of men found that it was impossible to make use of the mountain-tracks, owing to the German shelling, and they had therefore to be supplied from the air—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During the assaults of the Fifth Army around Cassino, an isolated group of men crept towards the crest of a hill where the Germans were holding the fortified ruins of the bombed Benedictine Abbey: they finally entrenched themselves on a small plateau known as Point 436. They then found that they were cut off, as the mountain routes which the supply parties would have to follow were cut by the enemy, who had returned in force to the area after the terrific bombing and bombardment by the Allies. The men had then to be supplied from the air. Allied artillery assisted the pilots by laying smoke-shells at the marked area where they were to drop their bundles: after 48 hours of isolation the fighters on the mountain-slope received their first supplies. "We recognised the area we were aiming at, then saw the smoke laid by the artillery," said one pilot. "Each plane released its two bundles in a level flight, as if in skip-bombing. We later learned that forty-three of our forty-eight bundles were right in the area"

The WAR by AIR

New Developments in Aircraft; and New Developments in Bombing and Parachute Technique

***On right*—The Warwick is now in service with the R.A.F. as a passenger and freight carrier, and in other capacities. This aircraft, as the accompanying picture shows, is a mid-wing monoplane: the plane itself is of British manufacture, but it is powered with American Pratt and Whitney "Double Wasp" engines: these develop 1,850 and 2,000 h.p., according to which of two types are installed. There are many exterior features of the Warwick which disclose that it has taken its origin from the Wellington, one of the "geodetic" constructions of Vickers-Armstrong and one of our most famous bombers during the early part of the war. Like the Wellington itself, the Warwick is now operating in many theatres of war to-day. The span is 96 ft. 8 ins.; length, overall on the ground, 70 ft. 6 ins.; height, 18 ft. 6 ins.; and wing area, 1,006 sq. ft. The total weight is 45,000 lb.**

A NEW TRANSPORT PLANE FOR SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: The Vickers Warwick passenger and freight carrier, which has obviously been evolved out of the famous Wellington bomber *(see notes at left)*

THE LARGEST PROPELLER YET MADE undergoes tests at the Curtiss-Wright plant in New Jersey: This massive propeller is a four-bladed affair made out of hollow steel and electrically controlled. It is 16 ft. 8 ins. in diameter. For test purposes it was mounted on a powerful new Wright Cyclone engine of eighteen cylinders and 2,200 h.p. The colossal wind tunnel in which the tests were made has been installed in the Curtiss-Wright Corporation's proving ground for aircraft propellers at Caldwell, New Jersey

THE CANADIAN FLYING MEN HAVE A NEW AIR SUIT: The R.C.A.F.'s newest flying suit is a two-piece protective garment which was designed only after experiments which involved 4,155 airmen. The suit has a number of zippers which eliminate bulkiness and which enable the wearer to remove it in 15 seconds. Three-piece gloves and goggles framed in a sponge-rubber pad complete the outfit, to which the name of "Type E" has been given. Flight Lieut. A. G. McAuley, of Ontario, is demonstrating it above: his suit was presented to him by Deacon Brothers, Ltd., the makers, whose works are in his home town. Flight Lieut. McAuley, a deputy Flight Commander with the Lion Squadron of the R.C.A.F. Bomber Group, wore his new suit during a recent big raid on Stuttgart

A BRITISH PATHFINDER AT WORK OVER GERMANY. HOW IT MARKS OUT THE TARGET AREA WITH FLARES AND FIRE-BOMBS AT THE BEGINNING OF A BIG ATTACK. The use of these special aircraft is now an established procedure in big bombing expeditions over Western Germany—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In all heavy raids carried out by night by the R.A.F., the pathfinders reach the target first, to mark it out, so that the hundreds of aircraft following behind will know exactly where to drop their loads of high explosives and incendiaries. Navigation at night is not so simple as many suppose, especially when there is cloud over the target and heavy searchlight concentrations to dazzle the navigator on the way out. The pathfinder pilots and navigators are all picked men, skilled in the art of finding their way—and also in the art of knowing what is a decoy and what is not. In the drawing above the aircraft is a Lancaster. This plane carries heavy fire-bombs which, when dropped, cannot be extinguished; it also carries parachute flares, which drop slowly, thus marking out a whole district, and ordinary incendiaries. When all three have been dropped, the target area will be visible for quite a long while, so that the following bombers know exactly where to unload

ONE OF THE SIGHTS WITNESSED BY THE PRIME MINISTER DURING HIS TWO-DAY VISIT TO THE AMERICAN INVASION TROOPS: A scene during a demonstration carried out by paratroops, when hundreds of men were dropped to earth by parachute

Accompanied by General Eisenhower (the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces), Mr. Winston Churchill paid a visit last week to American troops preparing in England for the Second Front Invasion of Europe. During the course of this visit the Prime Minister saw a wonderful demonstration carried out by paratroops, when hundreds of them tumbled out of their planes in wave after wave and descended by parachute. How effectively this was carried out is shown in the photograph above: the sky is tight packed with open parachutes and dangling men, only a few of whom have actually reached the ground. It is obvious that the concentration of paratroops will be most effectively carried out, as most of them will land within a very small area—almost in the same field

FIGHTING the ENEMY by SEA

And Building the Ships with which to Hunt the U-boats

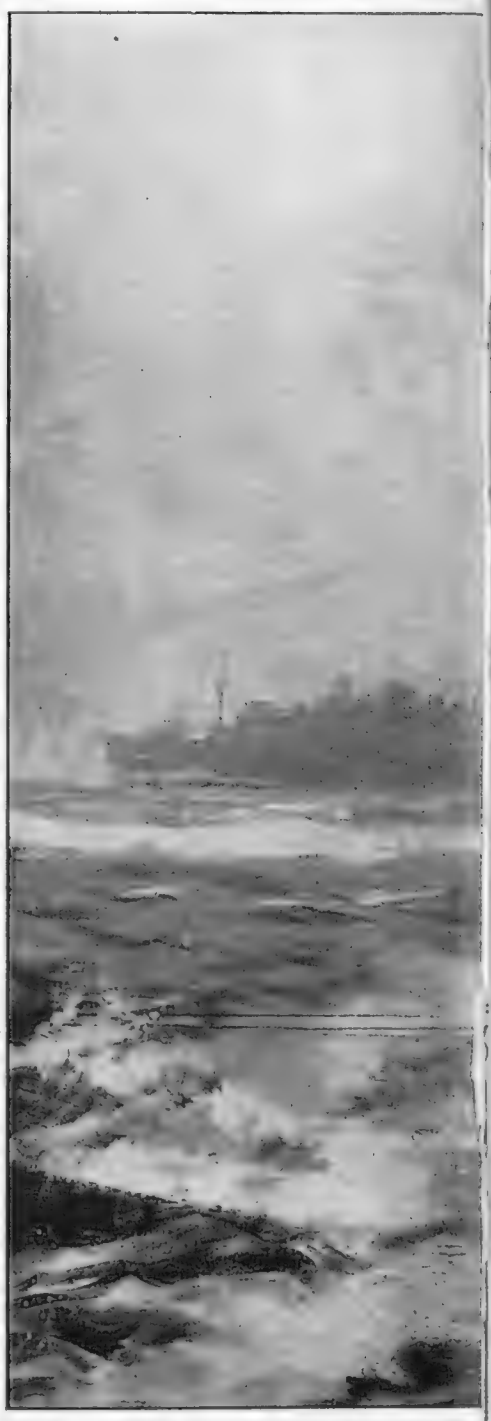
Special Sphere drawings

SPEEDING UP THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHIPPING IN BRITISH YARDS. A complete deckhouse being lowered into position after pre-fabrication—a system which is now being followed in most of the shipyards of this country, as mentioned by the First Lord of the Admiralty recently to the House of Commons—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

"In the most recent class of British frigates, at least 80 per cent. of the structure has been pre-fabricated and certain deckhouses have been pre-constructed and fitted out to enable them to be delivered complete to the shipyards for lifting into the vessel," declared Mr. Alexander recently in Parliament.

Without this system of pre-fabrication, in fact, the losses in torpedoed and mined British merchantmen could not have been replaced. "Pre-fabrication" means, that instead of the vessel being built plate by plate in one particular shipyard, various sections are built in different places and then assembled rapidly at the shipyard. This form of shipbuilding has been in vogue here since early in the war, and it is now a fact that Britain can produce ships more rapidly and with less man-power than any other country. The man in the street should, therefore, remember, when it is reported that some particular shipyard is launching one ship a fortnight, that the real work of building has probably occupied many months.

The drawing shows a merchant ship being completed at the fitting-out wharf of a British shipyard; with a pre-fabricated section, comprising a deckhouse, wheelhouse and bridge, being lowered into place



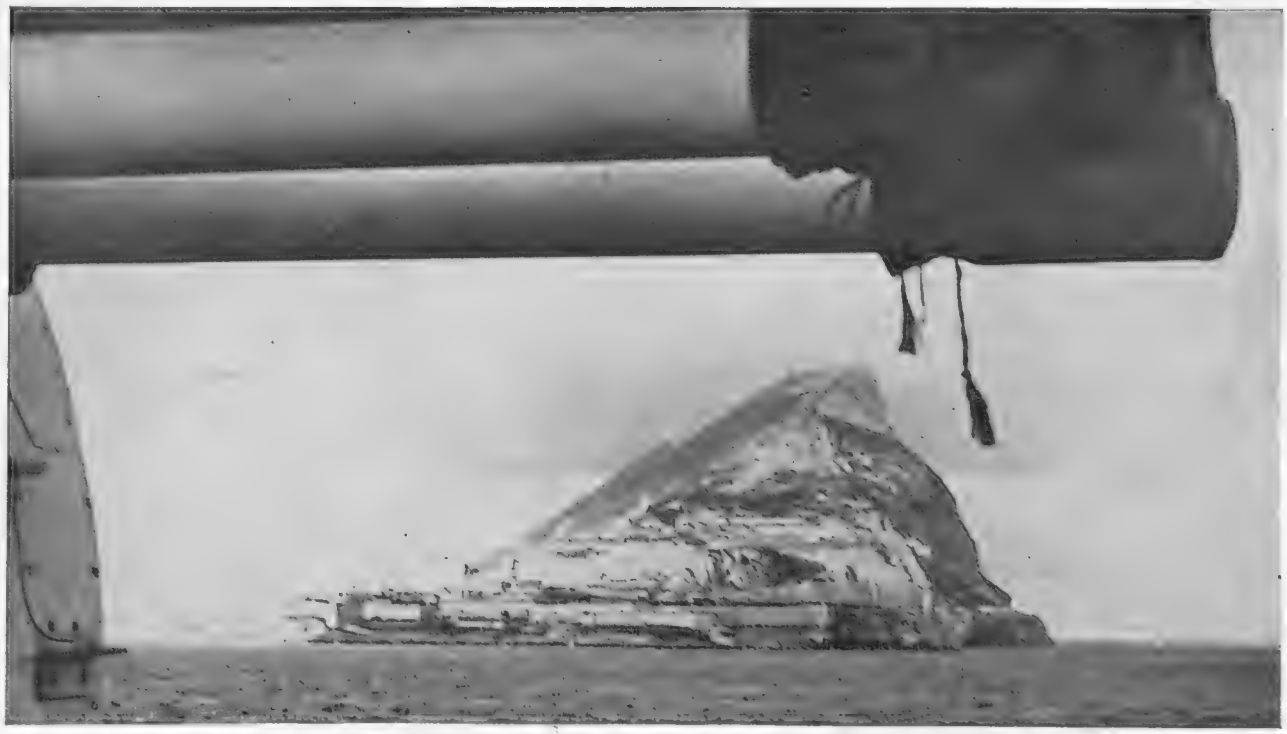
"THE CONVOY STEAMED SAFELY PAST . . . ." THE BRITISH SLOOP "KITE" DASHES TOWARDS AN ENEMY SUBMARINE, CAUSING THE U-BOAT TO CRASH-DIVE—an incident during the recent twenty-day battle in the Atlantic when British escort sloops sank six German submarines during a single cruise—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Five British sloops—*Starling*, *Wild Goose*, *Woodpecker*, *Kite* and *Magpie*—made up the Second Escort Group under the command of Captain F. J. Walker. During the course of their most recent cruise on escort duty in the Atlantic, these little ships set up a record by sinking six enemy U-boats during a twenty-day battle. For this great achievement they received the greatest welcome given by the Navy to the Navy since the war began, with Mr. A. V. Alexander himself present to greet the crews. The drawing by Mr. Dawson above depicts only one of the many dramatic incidents during the battle. Several days after the opening of the series of engagements H.M.S. *Kite*, commanded by Lieut.-Commander W. F. S. Segrave, sighted a U-boat emerging from a patch of mist several miles ahead of the convoy. It was obviously on the point of launching an attack against the merchantmen when the British sloop altered course to attack, and threw herself in the direction of the enemy vessel. The U-boat just had time to crash-dive as H.M.S. *Kite* came up. The first sloop was soon joined by another, H.M.S. *Magpie*, and both ships continued to harry the U-boat "while the convoy steamed safely past," as the Admiralty communiqué put it

***On left*—THE TWO MEN WHO STOOD ON THE SEA. The extraordinary appearance of two members of a destroyer's crew standing on the stern of their vessel, which was resting upright on the sea bottom—**

—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

This drawing illustrates a most extraordinary incident recently related by Lieut.-Commander Nicholas Monsarrat. A British destroyer had been torpedoed and sunk: rescue vessels were soon on the scene searching for survivors, when a tiny black smudge was seen on the sea ahead. It was soon decided that the smudge was made by two men—but no raft or boat was visible: in fact, they seemed to be standing in the water. As the rescue vessel came up to within 30 yards, the men hailed the captain and warned him not to come closer. "We're standing on the stern of the ship," they yelled. A sunken destroyer was, in fact, balanced vertically with its bows on the bottom and might sink at any moment. A motor-boat was lowered and both men were picked up—a signalman and a stoker, both cold to the bone and with their legs nearly paralysed. Both had been out on the upper deck when the ship went down, had swum around in the darkness for a bit, and then suddenly grounded on the miraculous haven where they were found



GIBRALTAR FROM A NEW ANGLE. The Rock at the western entrance to the Mediterranean is here seen framed by the guns of H.M.C.S. "Prince Robert," as the Canadian anti-aircraft cruiser steams by. This warship is a familiar vessel to Gibraltarians, as she has visited the Rock on many occasions at different times

THE AIRBORNE INVASION OF NORTH BURMA

By a Force Commanded by the Late Maj.-Gen. Wingate, Famous for His Previous "Chindit" Exploit

In one of the most brilliant air operations of the war, British and Indian troops have been landed by moonlight 200 miles behind the Japanese lines in Burma. By this daring assault, a strong British force has split communications between the enemy's northern and southern armies.

MAJ.-GENERAL O. C. WINGATE, who commanded the airborne troops in Burma now fighting 200 miles in the rear of the Japanese. He was the man in charge of the "Chindit" expedition early last year, when British troops penetrated 1,000 miles into the Jap positions. He was appointed to his command after a dinner with Mr. Churchill in London last year, and the plans were later approved at Quebec, where General Wingate was one of the British delegation

The operation was made possible by the use of gliders, which flew in with engineers and their equipment, jeeps and machinery, to prepare strips for the troop-carrying planes. The gliders were flown by men of the American Air Commando Unit, which is commanded by the North African fighter ace, Colonel Philip Cochran. In a few days, the main strip was completed—the first time in history that aircraft have been maintained on an airfield behind the enemy lines. The first gliders were towed off at dusk. As the almost full moon rose, the Dakotas roared down the runway and, turning neatly, the long nylon tow-ropes were hooked up. For the next few hours the air base was a maelstrom of dust and noise as Dakota after Dakota screamed its way down the long strip with gliders speeding behind.

AIR MARSHAL SIR JOHN BALDWIN, in command of the Third Tactical Air Force in Burma, whose fighters protected the jungle air base from Japanese attacks after the landings had been made by men of the American Air Commando Unit, commanded by Colonel Philip Cochran

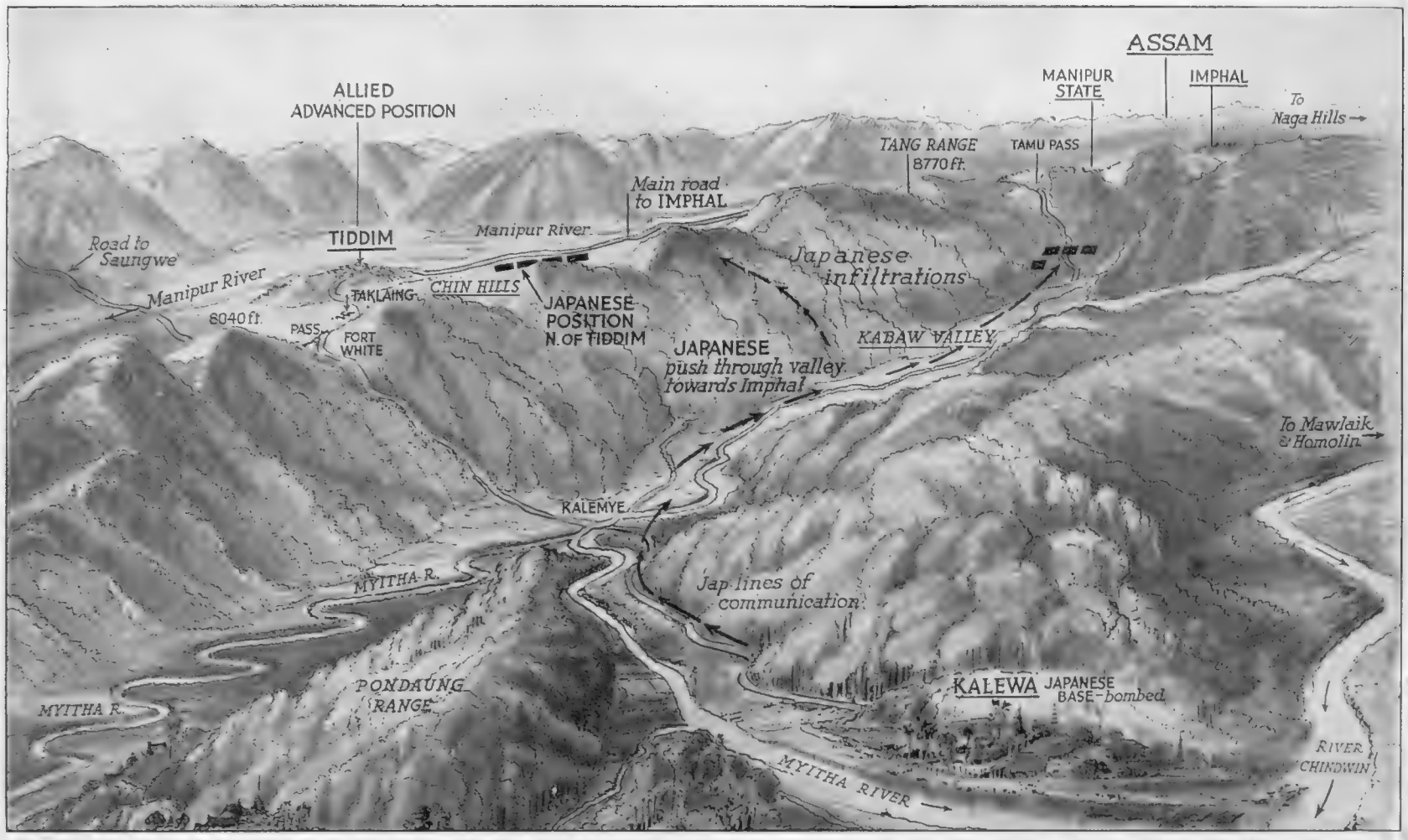
TWO HUNDRED MILES BEHIND THE JAPANESE LINES IN BURMA. HOW THE INITIAL LANDINGS WERE CARRIED OUT I heart of the jungle. The gliders were towed by Dakota aircraft: they were filled with engineers, jeeps, machinery and equ film-star, who piloted the

Shortly after 9 p.m. the first Dakotas reached the area; down below them the long, grassy swath cut in the jungle, and on either side mountains towered, making a deep valley in this remote part of Burma.

The first swept in at 100 m.p.h. and the wheels touched down on a seemingly smooth surface—but it was deceptive, for what from the air looked so smooth and grassy was ridged with paddy mounds, and teak logs were everywhere hidden

IN MOONLIGHT BY GLIDER-BORNE TROOPS, who prepared the way for the big troop-carriers which followed by constructing landing-strips for them in the equipment, and their task was to level off the ground so that the heavier-powered aircraft could land later. The first man to land was Jackie Coogan, former the first glider into the selected area—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

in the lush growth. The glider had its wheels ripped off in the first 50 yards on the ground, and, bellying on its steel skids, rushed down the paddy field until it slithered to a stop. First man to land was the former film-star Jackie Coogan, who piloted the first glider. Glider after glider came in, many of them crashing their under-carriage. The troops poured out and were organised into patrols, which were moving off within ten minutes of the landing. Overcrowding soon became a major problem. Shortly after 11 p.m. it was decided to stop the last wave leaving the home base. By midnight all the gliders destined to arrive had "made it." By 2 a.m. work had started on the strip for heavy, troop-carrying planes. Through the night the work went on, and by 7 o'clock the strip was sufficiently forward for light planes to land, and the first came in at 11. Still the work went on, and at 7 the next night a complete airfield, capable of carrying big, laden planes, was ready. At 7.5 the first troop-carrier landed, and for two hours there was a landing or take-off every 47 seconds. Thus a major British force was landed



THE JAPANESE INVASION OF INDIA, AND THE THREAT TO THE MAIN MANIPUR HIGHWAY AT IMPHAL. How the enemy pressed forward up the Kabaw Valley from Kalewa, their base on the Chindwin River, and infiltrated over the Chin Hills—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE WAR IN BURMA

The Japanese Cross the Indian Border in Order to Relieve the British Pressure Elsewhere

Perturbed by the several recent thrusts made by the Allies into Northern Burma, the Japanese Command determined on a counter-attack against the Allied lines of supply. Three definite thrusts were made by the Japs in the area of the Chin Hills, part of the Indo-Burmese mountain barrier. In the main, these came from Kalewa, a river station on the Chindwin which has for some time been one of the chief Japanese bases in North Burma. Kalewa is on the west bank of the river, just where it is joined by the Myitha River. This stream flows, with its tributaries, out of the Kabaw Valley. It is in the latter area that the Japanese columns began their penetration of the Chin Hill jungle. Two passes carry roads over the 8,000-ft. hills into the valley of the Manipur River : one leads direct to Tiddim, a position on rising ground which had been occupied by an advanced British force. From this point the main road (of recent construction) leads northwards to Imphal, the capital of Manipur State. Down this road supplies were coming for several Allied columns and for troops guarding the more immediate approaches to the capital. The River Manipur flows down the valley roughly parallel to the roadway ; south of Imphal it turns east and joins the upper waters of the Myitha River. The whole of this area is jungle-covered, with the exception of patches of clearer ground near the River Chindwin. Kalewa occupies a low ridge above the river : it is a picturesque sight with its numerous slender Burmese pagodas breaking the skyline

The active fighting which is now taking place in North Burma was forced upon the Japanese by the quiet penetration of the Allied forces which has been going on steadily for many weeks. The enemy was first engaged in Arakan, on the extreme south of the western frontier of Burma, by forces which drew over 10,000 Japanese troops into the area of the Mayu peninsula. At the same time the Chinese under General Stilwell, of the United States Army, together with American troops, were pressing down from the north ; the Fourteenth Army had invaded Burma at Tiddim and Tamu, in the central area of the Chin Hills ; another section of the Fourteenth Army had crossed the River Chindwin, north of Tamanthi ; and a large force of airborne troops had landed deep into Burma in the jungle somewhere in the Katha area, south of Myitkyina.

The object of all these operations has been announced to be limited to the regaining of the military control of Northern Burma to enable land communications to be re-established with China. The Air Route has not been able to carry all the supplies necessary. Therefore the Japanese must be driven from North Burma to allow the construction of the road from Ledo (in Assam) to be continued into China.

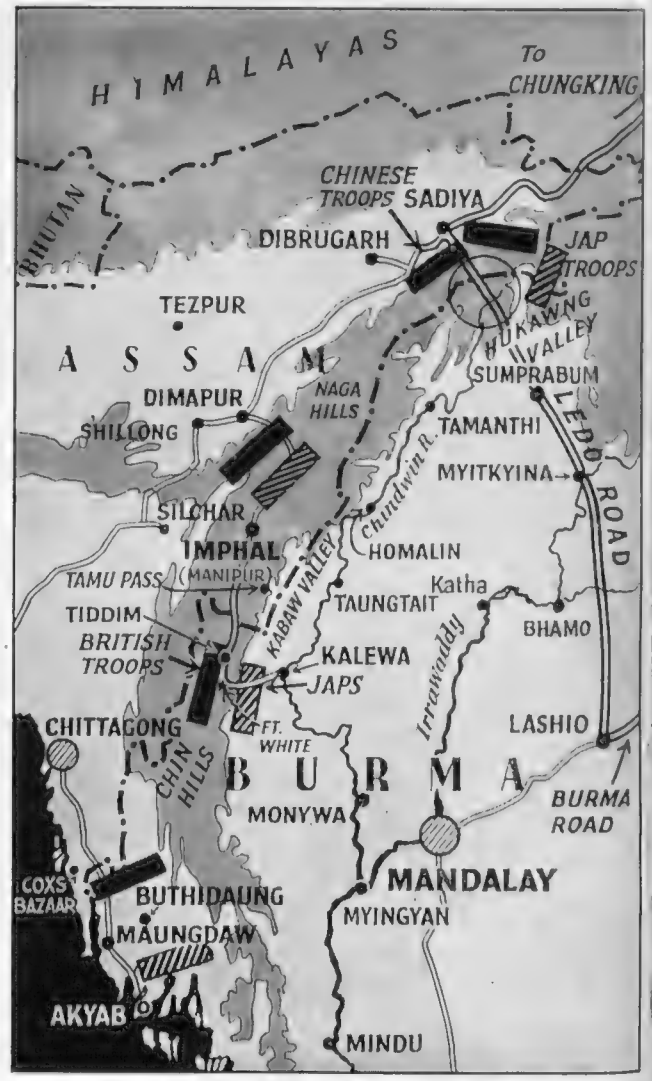
General Stilwell brought two divisions of Chinese troops, assisted by an American division fully trained in jungle warfare, under Brig.-General Frank Merril, into the Hukawng Valley, where they encountered the Eighteenth Japanese Division. The Hukawng is a tributary of the Chindwin, and the road from Ledo must run along this valley. At its southern end, near Jambubum, the valley narrows into a mountainous pass, leading to a more open valley running down to Mogaungin in the south. Bulldozers have followed the troops, making a good road behind them, though they are not entirely dependent upon road communication, being largely supplied from the air.

The Fourteenth Army had advanced into the frontier area of the Chin Hills by roads leading from Imphal, in Manipur, to Tiddim and Tamu. It was by the Tamu route that the British reached the safety of Assam after the retreat in May 1942. They had crossed the Chindwin at Kalewa, now the headquarters of the Japanese Army. It was early in March that news was given of the dropping of airborne troops into the heart of the Burmese jungle, as described on the previous two pages.

Forced by so many attacking columns, the Japanese Command started a counter-attack, thrusting strong forces towards the Indian frontier, with the object of getting across the mountain barrier into the plain and threatening Imphal, the Allied base of supplies and operations. They doubtless hoped that by getting to the rear of the Allied forward troops they would force a surrender or a retreat. The enemy has been moving forward in three main columns. One has got round to the rear of Tiddim, where the Japanese have placed many road blocks on the supply road, protecting them with snipers and mortar-fire. The Fourteenth Army around Tiddim has stood firm, forming themselves into "strong boxes," clearing some of the road blocks, and showing no signs of the panic which the enemy desired to instil. Fresh troops have come down from the north, putting the Japanese between foes to the north and south.

A second enemy column has been pushing up the Kabaw Valley, which links Tiddim and Tamu and lies between the Chindwin and the Indian frontier. It has met stiff resistance, losing some of the medium tanks with which it was equipped. Some portions of this column have taken to the hills to try to infiltrate into Assam. The most serious advance of the Japanese has been over the Chindwin, which they crossed by rafts, between Taungtait, Homalin and Tamanthi. Here the river is very close to the Assam border, and some of the enemy have crossed the frontier. It has been pointed out that the Indian frontier cannot be defended by a continuous line, as it consists of a broad mass of almost untracked mountain country.

LIEUT.-GENERAL JOSEPH STILWELL, who commands the U.S. troops in Burma. He is the man who led the way out into India during the big Allied retreat of some months ago. He is a tough commander, known to his men as "Uncle Joe" and "Vinegar Joe"



WHERE THE PRESENT BATTLES IN BURMA ARE BEING FOUGHT, on the Indian frontier (where the Japs have crossed the border) and on the Arakan front

THE PENETRATION OF NORTHERN BURMA BY ALLIED COLUMNS. A scene during the 100-mile journey which brought a British force across the Chindwin River and through the dense jungle to play its part behind the Japanese lines. Very heavy difficulties had to be surmounted during the course of this daring undertaking—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Midway through March, it was reported by Lord Louis Mountbatten that several columns of the Fourteenth Army had successfully crossed the upper reaches of the Chindwin River, in Upper Burma, and were operating 100 miles behind the Japanese lines in country which the enemy apparently thought could not be penetrated by troops in any number. This undertaking took eighteen days to accomplish: the forces engaged include men from famous Midland and Home Counties regiments who have already served in the Western Desert, Crete, Syria and Tobruk. They had to cut the whole way through wet jungle, sometimes mounting slopes at an angle of 45 degrees. For the first eight days it rained day and night; on the tops of the mountains 7,000 ft. up there was frost at night. During these eight days only 26 miles were covered. Traverses and steps had to be cut, and sometimes the steps had to be revetted with wood. At one point supplies were dropped by air. The standard dress for everybody was jungle-green trousers and collarless jungle-green shirts—the officers being quite indistinguishable from the men. As the Japs pushed forward into India, they must have found it most embarrassing to realise that these British troops had penetrated so far to their rear!

THE NGAKYEDAUK PASS AREA, IN ARAKAN, WHERE THE JAPS SURROUNDED THE 7TH DIVISION. British and Indian troops of the Fourteenth Army scored a great victory over strong Japanese forces in this region when the latter attempted to cut off the 7th Division. The Division fought its way out of the trap, after having been supplied from the air, and successfully reached India. This picture was taken as tanks of the 25th Dragoons moved forward to blast the Japanese positions in the area: undeterred by the fighting nearby, road workers laboured hard to maintain the roads in good condition for the heavy traffic going forward into the battle area

FIGHTING the FIRE RAIDS on BRITAIN

How the Reorganised N. F. S. Tackle the Incendiarism of the "Luftwaffe"

WATER IS STILL THE GREAT FIRE QUENCHER, despite all the new theories concerning the composition of the German fire-raising bombs. When the hoses first begin to play on the blaze, nothing much seems to happen: then steam begins to rise—and the fire-fighters then know that the tens of thousands of gallons of water are beginning to take effect on the blaze—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

Wellsian dreams of total war laid stress on gas and high explosive as the ordeals civil populations would have to endure. Had the fire brigades been asked, they might have said, from their generations of experience, that fire is still a more potent enemy than any concoction likely to emerge from German frightfulness-factories. Steel girders are the backbone of modern building, and fire can sap the strength of those girders in a few minutes until they droop under their own weight like a wax taper. Fire distorts masonry, destroys the strength of cement and mortar, and imposes such internal strains of expansion under heat that a 100-ft. wall will topple like a felled tree. Worst of all, of course, fire can travel, growing with what it feeds on until from a single incident may spread the destruction of acres of warehoused stocks, factories and homes. Fortunately, the tempo of the enemy's air attacks on this country developed at a rate which enabled the fire-fighting services to increase in numbers, and to acquire experience and equipment at more or less the same pace, until by the time the real blitz developed the local fire forces were, on the whole, reasonably capable of dealing with any attack on their own areas.

In peacetime a fire which requires thirty pumps is a very big fire—a "front page" newspaper event. In the London fire raids of the 1940-41 winter there were on *one night alone* nine fires in London rating over 100 pumps each. In the Surrey Docks there were two, one with 300 pumps and the other with 130, and another with 200 at Woolwich Arsenal. These fires were thirty or forty times larger than the *worst* London had ever known in peacetime; the very asphalt and wood-blocks in the streets became ablaze.

The number of pumps gives some idea of the volume of water needed by a big fire. Small trailer pumps handle about 150 gallons a minute, the larger trailer units pump up to 500 gallons a minute, while the largest standard heavy pumps will deliver 1,100 gallons a minute. The volume of water required by a fire which occupies 100 pumps all night long can be appreciated, as also the handicaps suffered in the early blitzes when little had been done to supplement the ordinary peacetime water arrangements. Outsiders often wonder why some new way of extinguishing fires is not used. The fireman's answer, based on long and hard experience, is that water applied in huge quantity is the only way of extinguishing a big fire.

Water extinguishes big fires by its cooling effect—the fireman works on the scientific principle that if the water from his hoses can absorb heat from the fire more quickly than the fire itself can generate it, the fire will stop spreading and will eventually go out. This applies to all fires, whether "natural," or started by oil or other incendiary bombs. Water is the best fire-extinguisher we have, and is likely to remain so.

When the hoses first get busy on a big fire nothing seems to happen, the jets are apparently swallowed up by the flames. Gradually, however, steam begins to appear mixed with the smoke, and this is the sign the "old hand" welcomes, for it means his hoses are winning the race.

Each fire brings its own problems—one may be in a street laced with overhead high-voltage trolley-bus wires, which hinder the use of escapes and monitor towers. Others may be on steep hill-sides or in narrow courts, where the engines can hardly penetrate. Fumes from fires are frequently poisonous, but minor risks of a new character always crop up. The rats bolted from the London Dock fires in unimagined hordes. When a grain warehouse burned the air became thick with little black flies, and the roads flooded with "porridge." At another fire huge stocks of powdered pepper ascended in the air with the steam to sting and blind the firemen. Rubber fires fill the air with a peculiarly sticky smoke.

The hoses themselves are made of flax and represent the working fireman's chief worry. They must not be dragged over bad ground or the hose suffers from abrasion and leaks, falling masonry may crush and burst it, as may also motor traffic. It needs thorough drying after use to prevent rot

THE FIRE-STARTING WEAPONS OF THE ENEMY. Nearly every serious attempt to start great fires is made by canisters containing a number of incendiary bombs: these scatter when the canister bursts open, and many of them lodge in quite inaccessible places, where they burn furiously and defy the efforts of the fire-fighters—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

WHAT ONE OF THE GERMAN CANISTERS LOOKS LIKE: The incendiaries are packed in containers similar to this one, which was dropped recently on a famous public school

A CHURCH GOING UP IN FLAMES "LIKE A TORCH." The churches of London have suffered particularly heavily during the fire raids on the capital. Many of them have roofs and belfries so built that it is difficult to discover the lodgement of an incendiary until too late. Once the building catches fire, the timbers blaze furiously until, finally, the roof caves in

INCENDIARIES BURN UNCHECKED IN BERLIN: Recent raids on the German capital by the R.A.F. have been of such intensity that the Civil Defence organisations have just let the fires burn whilst the raid was actually in progress. Whole streets, and even the paving of the roadways, have gone up in flames in consequence. Another difficulty with which the Germans have had to contend has been the lack of firemen to cope with the many scores of fires all started at the same time

BATTLE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE: A general view of the Fire Control Room. On the left are the telephonists who receive messages during a raid concerning the location of fires. Indicator boards in this room show the disposition and moves of the fire-fighting appliances

The two pictures reproduced above and on the left were taken in the Fire Control Room at the Battle Headquarters of the N.F.S. In the fight against the *Luftwaffe's* fire attacks on London, the course of a raid is followed by means of telephoned reports from all over the Metropolis. The various reports of fires, and the progress of the raiders, are plotted on large-scale maps; the movements of the fire-fighting reinforcements are then ordered accordingly

On left—A FIRE-WOMAN AT HEADQUARTERS plots the movement of fire-fighting appliances on a special Indicator Board in the Fire Control Room. By this means the number of appliances available in any area at a given moment is speedily discovered

IN LONDON THE N.F.S. WORK WHILST THE RAIDERS ARE STILL OVERHEAD. No fire is allowed to get a hold in London if its progress can be checked. Long before the All Clear is sounded the N.F.S. are busily engaged in extinguishing the fires caused by incendiaries

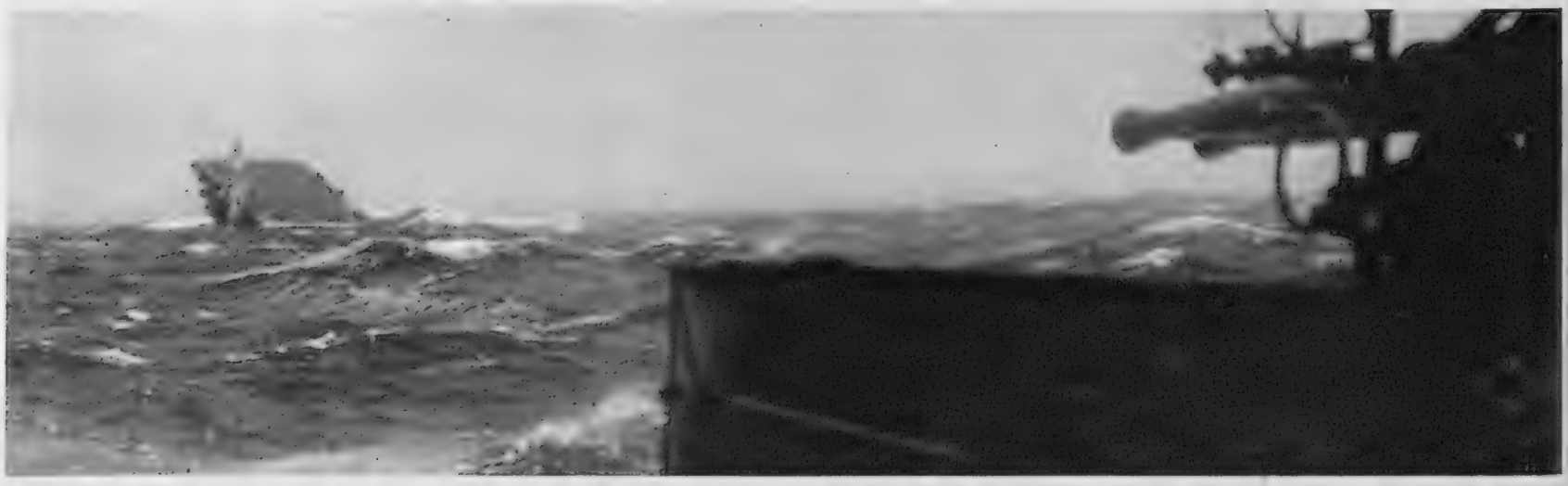
AROUND THE BATTLEFRONTS OF THE WORLD

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION : A general view of the village of San Sebastiano as the red-hot lava from the volcano rolls down towards it. The lava destroys everything in its path, splitting the most substantial buildings asunder and burying them under the molten stream

RED-HOT LAVA FROM VESUVIUS BEARING DOWN ON A VILLAGE NEAR NAPLES from which the inhabitants were evacuated by the R.A.F. : A stream of lava a quarter of a mile wide and from 7 to 8 ft. high is still pouring from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, which is undergoing its most violent volcanic eruption for many years. The R.A.F. have been assisting in the evacuation of civilians from the villages threatened by the lava stream : thirty R.A.F. lorries and 250 men laboured all night rescuing more than 5,000 inhabitants of the villages of San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma. Donkeys and carts laden with treasured household belongings clogged the mountain roads as civilians moved out of the danger zone. The lava flows down the mountain-side as an irresistible mass which nothing in its path can withstand

BRITISH SUBMARINE MEN AT BEYROUT leaving a Rest House above the city for the snowy mountain slopes : When men of the Royal Navy put into the port of Beyrout, in the Eastern Mediterranean, they find plenty of recreation in the open air awaiting them during their period of leave. Their home is a barracks which has been converted to a high standard of comfort by the united efforts of the crews and base staff. Behind the building is one of the grandest playgrounds of the Middle East, the Hills of Lebanon. Here a Rest House has been established several thousand feet above sea-level, whence the men can get splendid climbing in summer and ski-ing sports in winter

AT A TERMINAL STATION OF TRANSATLANTIC FERRY COMMAND : The European Wing of Air Transport Command is now just a little over a year old. In that time it has mushroomed in growth and importance as the war effort of the United Nations has reached closer to the heart of the Axis. This wing is one of nine in a world-wide organisation which spans a network of more than 100,000 miles of foreign routes alone. Every day distances equivalent to more than thirty times around the Equator are flown. The Reception Hall at the airport has many illustrations depicting various bases of Air Transport Command throughout the world. Pilots from many Allied countries pass through this hall daily



"FENCER" FIGHTS THE STORM : A magnificent study, taken from a sister-ship, showing the escort carrier thrusting through the heavy winter storms during a recent cruise. Throughout the gale the job of keeping an unceasing watch for U-boats and for enemy bombers went steadily on, the aircraft taking off and landing on the flight deck in spite of the wild weather. On many occasions, the comparatively small vessel was standing up on her nose or settling down by the stern, making flying operations an extremely hazardous business

CANADA SIGNS AGREEMENTS WITH BRITAIN, RUSSIA AND AUSTRALIA. Mr. Gregori Tounkin signing on behalf of the U.S.S.R.: Tangible evidence of Canada's important role in the supplying of war materials and essential supplies to the fighting fronts was given in the recent signing of Mutual Aid Agreements between Canada, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union and Australia. The ceremonies took place in the office of the Prime Minister. In the picture above, behind Mr. Gregori Tounkin are (left to right) Mr. Hume Wrong, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs; the Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply; Mr. Vassily Sergeev, Soviet Vice-Commissioner of Foreign Trade; Mr. Ivan I. Krotov, Commercial Attaché of Soviet Legation, and the Canadian Prime Minister

MR. C. D. HOWE, CANADIAN MINISTER OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY, SIGNS THE AGREEMENT. From left to right behind are: Mr. Hume Wrong (Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs), Mr. Vassily Sergeev (Soviet Vice-Commissioner of Foreign Trade) Mr. Ivan I. Krotov (Commercial Attaché), Mr. Gregori Tounkin (Chargé d'Affaires of the U.S.S.R.) and the Prime Minister of Canada

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MIDDLE EAST, TOURS THE SUDAN AND ERITREA. General Sir Bernard Paget has just returned from a short tour of part of the area under his command. During the course of this he inspected various British and African Regiments and military establishments. Above he is seen with troops of the Sudan Defence Force at exercise in the Keren area. They are trained to use all types of infantry weapons: many of the machine-guns which they use are of Italian origin and were captured during the Eritrean campaign

MAJOR-GENERAL D. STUART TOURS THE BENGAL FAMINE AREA. Accompanied by the Relief Commissioner (Mr. C. M. Martin), General Stuart recently visited the riverside villages of Bengal to inspect the measures taken for famine relief. His tour was carried out largely by river launch

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN FROM THE NORTH ATLANTIC aboard an American Coastguard cutter after another cutter had sunk their U-boat with depth-charges. Some of the men had lost all their clothing and were provided with blankets by their rescuers

A HEAVY COATING OF ICE on the vessels which bombarded Paramushiro, Japan's large naval base in the Kurile Islands, early in February. This raid by the U.S. Navy marked the first occasion on which American warships had come so close to Japanese home territory since the outbreak of war. Shore installations and a merchant vessel were damaged, but the "Task Force" escaped unharmed. The Kuriles lie high up in the North Pacific and the weather conditions in these latitudes are not pleasant in the winter months

BUYING OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES at Auction

A Strange Feature of the City's Financial Activities, Displayed at an Auction Mart in London.

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the most peculiar tributes to the late Sir Kingsley Wood and his financial handling of the war is regularly paid at the London Auction Mart, 155, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. Every month now the sales of reversions, annuities and insurance policies show remarkably high prices; whereas in the last war, when the Bank Rate was high and the Government was borrowing money at 5 per cent., the business was quiescent, to say the least of it.

This purchasing of other people's lives or—rather, other people's life interests—is a cold-blooded, complicated but fascinating business. It is also vital to the complex civilisation in which we live. Instead of going to a money-lender, anyone, from a profligate youth to a middle-aged business man, can save himself from financial embarrassment or possible bankruptcy by putting up his reversionary interest in an estate to the highest bidder. Here in the London Auction Mart the competition to buy his reversionary interest is made openly, and is based on statistics.

The purchasers are usually insurance companies, trust companies or reversionary companies, and there is no danger of a ring of speculators being formed, thus "rigging the market." Some of these reversionary companies have been buying insurance policies, annuities and reversions for 100 years.

Which brings one to an interesting discovery—that if, for example, you offer your life insurance policy for sale to the highest bidder, nobody who bids for it has any idea of your identity; nor has he any idea of your state of health. There is no medical examination, and your name is divulged only to the purchaser after he has bought your insurance policy. That, of course, applies also to reversionary interests, annuities and life interests. The reason for this is that the companies who make these offers work on the law of averages, which over a period of 100 years must work out satisfactorily.

Sometimes proceedings are enlivened in the auction room by relatives who have inside knowledge (almost literally), who will bid up beyond the figure that the longevity statistics suggest is reasonable. Normally, however, the official *Expectation of Life Annuity Tables*, published just after the last war are regarded as an adequate basis on which to work out this aspect of the purchase price. Naturally, there are several other aspects.

Let me take the case of the first "lot" which I saw sold recently at the London Auction Mart. It was the reversion receivable on the decease without issue of a lady born in August 1879 to the whole of the trust fund with an estimated value of £3,695. The stock was listed—Southern Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montague Burton Limited, London Transport, County of London Electric Supply Company Limited and two other railway stocks. As an amateur, what do you suppose this fetched?

First of all, let us work it out from an actuarial point of view, and then I will give the highest bid. To begin with, if we want to buy this reversion, we have to remember that the death duties will amount to about 10 per cent. of the £3,695, and may be at a higher rate if the life tenant leaves much free estate. We must also deduct the cost of winding up the estate, including the legal charges, which would vary according to circumstance.

Next, we have to recognise the possible fluctuations of the stock. Some may be redeemable in a few years and stand at a premium. We pull out our annuity tables and find out how long, by all the rules of the game, the old lady, aged sixty-four, is likely to live. The book of words says that it is reasonable for her to live another fourteen years. We thus arrive at the fact that we expect to receive something in the neighbourhood of £3,000 in fourteen years' time. But money doubles itself at 5 per cent. in fourteen years. Therefore, on paper, the £3,000 in 1958 is worth only £1,500 now if we want to earn 5 per cent. on our outlay. On the other hand, if we are content with a mere 4 per cent. (always with a possibility that the lady may die before 1958, though it is possible that she may live longer), we can evidently offer something in the neighbourhood of £1,730. What actually happened? The first offer was £1,500, and it went up by £50's to £1,800: showing that the purchaser was prepared to take something less than 4 per cent.

Sometimes people live a surprisingly long time—to the chagrin of the purchaser of their reversionary interest. One speculator paid a large sum of money for one in 1910, and the old gentleman is still going very strong. In fact, I am not at all sure whether the purchaser himself is not dead.

In the case of most reversions, the life tenants are nearly always women, the husband having died and left his estate to his wife with reversion to the children. Similarly, it is the children who usually sell reversions, but they have to secure the approval of the trustees, so that the mother is likely to know about it.

Reversions are not always as simple as that, however. There are contingent reversions: in other words, the money is only forthcoming when the reversioner (as he or she is called) is alive when the life tenant has died. That involves further calculations as to the value of the reversionary interest, and is covered by taking out a policy on the reversioner's life.

In the case of the sale of "with profit" insurance policies, the purchaser has to assess the likelihood of future bonuses, and he cannot expect to have inside knowledge about this. It is evident that no insurance company can buy up its own policies in the auction room, because it has already stated the surrender values of the policies, and it would be hopelessly unethical to make two prices by public bidding. Another point about purchasing endowed lives policies is that the buyer is faced with the alternative that the longer the life assured lives, the more bonuses will accrue; but by contrast, the buyer has to wait longer for the policy money, and will have to pay more premiums in the meantime.

Here arises the question of whether you can insure the life of somebody else, either with or without their knowledge. The answer is that you cannot do this unless you have a financial interest in that person. This means that you can insure people (*a*) if they owe you money; (*b*) if they are valuable employees; and (*c*) if a contingent reversion comes into the picture. But you cannot insure the lives of relatives or other people merely because they have mentioned you in their will. Being mentioned in a will is only an expectancy and not a legal financial interest. This is fair enough. The chances are that the relatives who discovered that you were trying to insure their lives would cut you out of their will.

With all this on our minds, let us visit the London Auction Mart. We find ourselves in a large room with about eighty chairs on the first floor of the building in Queen Victoria Street. The room is half-full as the white-haired auctioneer is asking for bids on the £3,695 reversion of the aforementioned lady, which is duly knocked down for £1,800. This is followed by the absolute reversion receivable on the decease of a lady aged forty-five this month to one-half of a trust fund now represented by £7,818 12s. 2½ per cent. Consols. Bidding begins at £700 and reaches £850, when two Army officers enter, one of whom raises the price to £880. A white-bearded old gentleman puts it up another £30, keeps tag with the Army officer up to £950, when the latter, with a small final spurt, buys the reversion for £960.

The next "lot" is a fully-paid policy of endowment assurance for the sum of £970 without profits, effected May 12, 1931, on the life of a gentleman born October 17, 1885, payable February 12, 1951, or at previous death, the surrender value being £726 8s. Here the bidding began at £800 and ended at £845. This is followed by a policy of endowment assurance for the sum of £3,000 (without profits) effected September 5, 1939, on the life of a gentleman born November 20, 1904, payable August 28, 1947, or at previous death, the annual premium being £356 and the surrender value £1,307. This struck me as an interesting test of the effect that war risks might have on the purchase price. The man had his life insured as soon as he possibly could after the outbreak of war, when he was only thirty-four, which suggests that he was in the Fighting Services or knew that he was likely to have unusual war risks. Well, the bidders seemed to pay little or no attention to what might, to the layman, seem to lie behind the offer of this policy, for the policy was bought swiftly for £1,610.

The next two "lots" were insurance policies each for the sum of £1,000, the first being on a man born on February 29, 1880, with a surrender value of £714; and the second being on the life of a titled lady, now aged 84, the surrender value being just under £1,000. The first went for £925 and the second for £1,110.

Some insurance policies are of a distinctly archaic character. Mr. W. H. H. Carpenter, the auctioneer, recalls a policy which he sold in 1938, among the conditions of which was that the policy was made void if the insured met his death by duelling or at the hands of justice within one year of its inception. There was also a list of countries to which the insured could not go. Another clause in this policy forbade the insured to engage in hazardous occupations like coal-mining, engine-driving or being a publican.

There is no doubt that any novelist short of material could secure enough to compile a three-decker if he took the trouble to go to Queen Victoria Street and succeed in visualising or actually discovering the stories which lie behind the sale of these policies, annuities and reversionary interests.

A NEW "WATER-BUFFALO" PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES

THE NEW AMPHIBIOUS TANK FOR THE U.S. NAVY DEPARTMENT UNDER TEST: This is the L.V.T.(A)—1: it is armed with a 37-mm. cannon and two ·50-calibre machine-guns. It is a hard-hitting amphibian, similar to its predecessors, but with the 37-mm. gun mounted in a turret. It has already played an important role in the invasion of Jap strongholds in the Pacific: through its ability to travel with ease in water or on the land, the vehicle is a valuable invasion asset. This picture was taken on the test firing-range by the light of the glare set up by the tank's own bullets

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

A SECTION THROUGH THE FAMOUS VOLCANO, SEEN FROM THE SEASHORE OF THE BAY OF NAPLES: The probable original outline of the cone is indicated, together with the subsequent craters and deposits formed at varying intervals of time

VESUVIUS AGAIN IN ERUPTION

A Sectional Drawing of the Great Volcano — By S. W. Clatworthy

(Artist's Copyright in the U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere)

The volcano, which began to erupt again on Sunday, March 19, with great violence, is here shown in section as viewed from the shore of the Bay of Naples. In the lower portion of the drawing, beneath the sea-level, the presence of very hot rocks (kept solid by the pressure of the earth's crust) is shown. The upward fold in the crust reduces the pressure, allowing the rock to expand into molten lava. The expansion then seeks relief up the vent of the volcano, frequently carrying with the lava a number of limestone blocks which, in some form, are blown out of the cone. Surrounding the vent which runs up the centre of the drawing are indicated the remains of former eruptions.

The upper portion of the drawing shows the huge size of the probable prehistoric cone, together with the characteristic features of the vapour cloud, the fine volcanic dust, the larger incandescent rocks and burning lava streamers and choking steam, which are all discharged from time to time from the central active cone. The March 1944 eruption appears to have flowed northwards from the position shown on the left (bearing the words "accumulating lava"). It followed the course of the 1872 lava

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

The Dignity of Literature.—In the last years before this war began, the number of new books annually published was always breaking new records. I suppose the floodgates will open again as soon as paper restrictions no longer lock them up. That may not be for some years after peace is established. It is my hope that we shall use the austerity years for tightening up our standards and adjusting our view of what justifies publication in book form of any branch of literature.

No doubt matter comes before manner. Unless you have something to say and enough knowledge of the subject to arrange it in your mind, you cannot justify publication of any sort of book. But manner is hardly less important. You may have a mouthful of wisdom and knowledge to disclose, but if you have not troubled to master the primary rules of prose writing, you cannot express your theories or thoughts intelligibly and you have no right to attempt it.

A flood of amateurs, many of them women of fashion, invaded the field of the novelist in the Victorian age with milk-and-water novels of fashionable life in three volumes and it was customary to laugh them out of court in the first decades of this century, comparing those amateurs very unfavourably with the legion of technicians who turn out competent novels to-day. The comparison was not totally odious and unfair. So far as matter is concerned, the standard of competence to-day is certainly very high. A greater number of novelists than ever before is capable of gripping the attention of the reading public, having mastered the technique of plot, characterisation, atmosphere and conversation, in realistic form. But there is a point in favour of the Victorian amateurs which is often forgotten. These polite ladies, if their plots halted and meandered in drawing-rooms and shrubberies and were fogged by "vapours" and made maddening by misunderstandings, had nearly all of them graduated in an essential school. They could write simple sentences grammatically. They could construct and punctuate a simple sentence like "Balbus built a wall."

And that cannot be said of scores of writers who to-day turn out novels, memoirs, costume pieces, satires and historical treatises. As the technique of creation has improved, so (dangerously and violently) has the standard of writing decent, grammatical English declined.

Chief Offenders.—I feel moved to strike a blow for the dignity of books. In my view, it is impiety and impudence in an author to disregard the medium of language by which thoughts must be expressed and to deem any staccato stuttering as adequate clothing for the matter in their hearts, bubbling over to be communicated to the world.

If the world of men and affairs, if the stark realities of human life, were hidden from those sheltered Victorian amateurs (which in truth is fiction), if Victorian drawing-rooms were stuffy and protected, the cold Victorian schoolrooms were practical workshops in which simple English was painfully but proficiently acquired—a fact which throws a glaring light on the failure of our modern system of education.

It is not the novelists to-day who are the chief defaulters in prose style. That ignominy falls heaviest no doubt on memoir writers, and especially on those fashionable women (and sometimes men) who conceive that what they can sell and tell of political or Court or social life is not only fit but fine matter for the making of a book. And they are wise in their generation. The public makes a meal of such pearls. Lady Addle of Eigg still has a market for her wares, still a means to pay her bridge debts or to give her dressmaker something on account. When our new Charter of Education has had a generation or two in which to produce results, it may be that the reading public will analyse the matter and see through the blurb and reject the fare as a Barmecide's feast.

More likely, however, given a generation or so of improving primary education, it will analyse the manner, the syntax, the grammar, of some of the twaddle which it gobbles up to-day and in growing contempt for the style of expression will acquire at last a contempt for the subject matter—in a word, will gain a tardy comprehension of the meaning of the dignity of books. You can have a good book written about nothing at all by a master of language. Chesterton often accomplished it. But (such is the dignity of books) you can't offer the rarest caviare on a chipped kitchen plate and expect it to be accepted as caviare by educated folk. No one has any right at all—though he may have pearls of price to bestow—to write a book until he has mastered the primaries and fundamentals of simple English prose style.

Lady Oxford's Recklessness.—Of late this truth has pierced me through and through after reading Lady Oxford's *Off the Record*. There are many reasons which may induce people to publish books—fame, money, self-justification, a desire for self-expression—sometimes even the stimulus of having something new and true to say. But whether the reason be noble and justifiable or otherwise, all who have a veneration or even an affection for literature will agree that, whatever be the standard of literary merit attained, a minimum standard of *care* is essential in correcting slips of grammar and syntax, printer's errors and other obvious blunders. I think I never read a book so full of these uncorrected blemishes, and that is no credit to author or publisher. The amateur should employ a ghost. It has surprised me. I have the greatest respect for moral courage and breadth of mind, and I admire and envy intense vitality. But a book so sloppy in hack technique is unjustifiable, even if its subject matter be worthy. Paper is scarce and should be used with care. We live and learn—by reading. I learn that a famous chestnut *bon mot* of the de Ros case (1836) was in truth coined sixty years after—and by Lord Hartington! I know not whether most to deplore the plagiarism of Lady Oxford or of the Duke of Devonshire. After reading *Off the Record*, I get a better comprehension of the rueful saying: "Save me from my friends." The shade of Mr. Balfour, the living voices of Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Harold Nicolson, might echo it. All is grist to the mill, I suppose, when the wind drives the sails. And yet, in this resurrection pie, so carelessly and recklessly hashed, there is breadth and dignity and sense and wisdom and courage in some of her genuine expressions of view concerning war and the peace. And no critic will ever question her courage and her vitality. Refusal to acknowledge "the dignity of books" may cost an author dear. That dignity demands revision and restraint. Without these safeguards the kindest heart, the truest friend, the bravest spirit, may sacrifice a reputation fairly won and firmly based.

The point I reiterate is this: Even genius has got to go to school. The most facile poets of genius recognised the necessity and took infinite pains with the hackwork of their craft. Byron, who jeered at all else, took his craft seriously. He respected the dignity of books. The slipshod, the ungrammatical, the unpunctuated, is to be expected in the reminiscences of traitors in Court circles or in the gossip of foolish and once fashionable women. Their circulation depends on their absurdities. But when once a woman of brains and breadth decides to write a book, she may not, and must not, take pride in being described as "the cleverest uneducated woman in Society." The dignity of books requires that she should first humbly attend an infant school and learn to write a simple sentence and detect an obvious howler or slip.

So, at least, I think, in my respect for literature. And in writing any sort of book, humility and infinite care and pains are the more essential because errors and slips elude the greatest masters of their craft. I doubt if any first edition of any book was ever published in which there were not at least a dozen undetected slips of author or printer.

BROADCASTING to the ARMY

The New Official Service in North Africa

LIEUT.-COLONEL GALE PEDRICK-HARVEY (left) AND RUPERT DOWNING, B.B.C. observer in North Africa, discuss a broadcast talk at the first official Army Broadcasting Headquarters in a château near Algiers. Lieut.-Colonel Pedrick-Harvey is the Chief Army Broadcasting officer

ARRANGING A MUSICAL BROADCAST with an ARTISTE who will entertain by radio the troops in the Mediterranean zone, the sick and wounded in hospitals, etc. The British Forces Army Broadcasting Service—independent of the B.B.C.—came into operation on January 1, and famous stars, including Leslie Henson and Tommy Trinder, have given their services

ON THE ROOF OF NORTH AFRICA'S "BROADCASTING HOUSE": (left to right) Major Emlyn Griffiths, a pre-war West End manager and producer; Lieut.-Colonel Gale Pedrick-Harvey, a London journalist and radio playwright, in command of the Army Radio Service which he organised; and Paul Bewsher, the *Daily Mail* war correspondent

Lieut.-Colonel Gale Pedrick-Harvey, the Chief Army Broadcasting officer, was sent out to Algiers last November to institute the first official Army Broadcasting Service in North Africa. Its work has proved most effective and is quite separate from the B.B.C. Beginning in a modest way with a Major and two Captains, its technical staff has steadily increased and the first British Forces radio station in the field radiates for six hours daily. Programmes consist of "live" Forces talent; recorded programmes made at home; and relays of B.B.C. news and popular programmes. Transmitters are set up in forward areas for the benefit of hospitals, convalescent depots and such-like. By co-operation with the U.S. Army's similar organisation, British programmes are sent over American transmitters by Colonel Pedrick-Harvey's own British broadcasters, so that the United States get British views and descriptions at first hand. In addition to all this, the Service is the first such to be instituted: it is responsible for the distribution and maintenance of radio sets, and will eventually operate the Postal Record Scheme by which hospital patients and convalescent members of the Forces will record messages on discs which can be flown home to relatives and played back on gramophones. The Army Broadcasting Unit operates from a château in the hills, once the mansion of a Turkish pirate. The chief of this important pioneer work, Lieut.-Colonel Pedrick-Harvey, of the Devon Regiment, was a London radio journalist, and the author of the most successful radio play of 1942. His two chief lieutenants are Major Emlyn Griffiths, former West End show producer, and Major Philip Slessor, former B.B.C. announcer.

PICTURES OF HOME-FRONT PERSONALITIES AND ACTIVITIES

THE WOMAN WHO IS TO BECOME CHIEF TAX COLLECTOR: Miss A. Hopkins, M.B.E., is the first woman to win promotion to the grade of Chief Collector of Taxes. Not yet thirty-eight, she reached the grade in competition with her male colleagues. She has not yet been appointed to a Chief Collectorship, but is hoping to receive one soon. Starting in Peterborough as a junior clerk, Miss Hopkins has been promoted three times in just over ten years

AN A.T.S. CONTROLLER CONTINUES A LONG ARMY RECORD: For six generations without a break members of the family of Controller G. M. Heaton, Deputy Director of the A.T.S. in Western Command, have served in the British Army. Mrs. Heaton enrolled in the A.T.S. in September 1938, attaining her present rank in June 1940. She has one son in the Royal Artillery, and another who hopes to join the Navy when he is old enough

A NEW BISHOP IS APPOINTED IN NOTTINGHAM: The Very Rev. Dr. Edward Ellis, who has been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham in succession to Dr. J. F. McNulty (who died last year). The new Bishop is a Nottingham man: thus, for the first time in the history of the diocese, a local priest has become its Bishop. Dr. Ellis is forty-four years of age: he was formerly the Administrator of St. Barnabas Cathedral in Nottingham

AMERICAN "TRAFFIC COPS" MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE IN LONDON: The U.S. Army has now set up its own traffic control unit in London, and American "traffic cops" are frequently to be seen riding their high-powered motor-cycles through the City streets. U.S. Army traffic has increased to such an extent during the past twelve months that it had been causing many problems for the British authorities. This picture was taken as a large American convoy was passing through London preceded and escorted by its own police

A FORCES "MASCOT CLUB" WHICH ALREADY HAS 500 MEMBERS: Goats, geese, guard dogs, naval cats, pigeons, ducks, and many others belong to a club for animal and bird mascots of the Services. The club has been founded by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals and has just welcomed its 500th member. In the picture above Furious is first of a line of new recruits joining the club: the dog is named after the aircraft-carrier and was given to his present woman owner by an air gunner on the vessel. Miss St. Hill-Bourne, the secretary, is taking names and particulars of the new entrants

A REST HOME FOR WOMEN WAR-WORKERS NEAR LONDON: The first "rest break" home in the London area for women war-workers has just been opened at Tadworth, Surrey; and a second has already been planned by the Ministry of Labour. Each house is in charge of a warden. The charge is 25s. per week, inclusive, and the best food (four meals a day) is provided, with special diets, if necessary. This picture was taken as two of the guests were having breakfast in bed

THE CAFÉ DE PARIS, BOMBED THREE YEARS AGO, IS SOON TO REOPEN: It was three years ago that a bomb fell on the Café de Paris. The place is still outwardly in ruins; but workmen are busily engaged in converting the shattered dance floor and gallery into an entertainment hall for troops from the Nuffield Centre, which adjoins the Café in Wardour Street. The Centre has proved such a success in the six months it has been open that the question of expansion has become an urgent one. The Café de Paris was accordingly recently taken over and is now being rebuilt

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

STORIES WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH

A Family Chronicle on Heroic Lines; A House in the Country; An Autobiography by Mr. Klaus Mann; A Masterly Period Piece

THE longest and, in two senses, the heaviest book of the week is also one of the most satisfying. There are no fewer than 768 pages in THE VALLEY OF DECISION (Collins. 12s. 6d.). I don't remember how many there were in *Gone With the Wind*, but it cannot have been much longer than that, and this new book has been having almost comparable sales in the United States already, where it has been near the head, and certainly in the first ten, of the best-seller list since its publication last summer.

This family chronicle of Miss Marcia Davenport's goes awn and awn and awn, as was once said of a Michael Arlen character. (And the fact that it was Mr. Arlen himself who said that makes the statement even more authentic.) It is the story of an Irish biddy, Mary Rafferty, who is not quite sixteen years old in 1875, and at that age is engaged as one of the maidservants in the house of the great Pittsburgh ironmaster, William Scott.

As she grows up, one of the sons of the house falls in love with her, but she does not think the match suitable for him, and it is not for a very long time, and until his sincerity is proved, that an engagement is arranged with his parents' consent. Before there can be a marriage, Mary's brother, an agitator at the local mills, has killed old Scott in a dispute, and Mary knows that it will now always be impossible. She later becomes housekeeper to that same son, but refuses to marry him, even after the death of his wife.

Mary becomes, instead, the conscience of that whole family—the true representative of their integrity both in the home and in the steel mills they control. It is her selfless championship which preserves the best elements in them for the good of the country which she regards as her own.

This family's story, more complicated and more involved than I have space to indicate here, is like some monstrous, evilly-designed house, with great useless wings and gargoyles and excrescences which do nothing but bewilder and confuse. The Cinderella-without-the-Prince theme is not buried so much as overdressed by the excessive clothing of the period. But in spite of all this, and in spite of the fact that, as each character in the book opens his mouth for his first speech, he clearly labels himself brightest white or dunnest black, this is still, as I say, a satisfactory book to read.

Darn it, the book could get you through an air raid, particularly if opened in the middle and worn staunchly as a helmet.

THE CIVIL DEFENCE ARTISTS PREPARE FOR ANOTHER EXHIBITION IN LONDON: These well-known exhibitions have now been extended to all men engaged in any form of Civil Defence: for the first time, therefore, Home Guard artists are now submitting their works. This picture shows the Selection Committee deciding on the paintings to be hung in the next Exhibition at the Cooling Galleries. From left to right are: Mr. H. E. du Plessis, Mr. James Fitton (recently elected A.R.A.) and Mr. Henry Moore

It is difficult to know what to tell you about NIGHT THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY LANDLADY (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), beyond that it is charmingly expressed by Miss Edith Olivier, and wittily illustrated and decorated by Mr. Rex Whistler. Also that you will certainly want to give it to someone who has a birthday within the next few weeks.

As a book it is quite formless, being leaves from the imaginary journal of an elderly lady living in a remote English village, and in a beautiful (and evidently roomy) house in that village. The size of the house is only evident, because it was able to accommodate a number of lodgers, billetees, child evacuees and other compulsory guests—the date of the diary being 1939 and its subsequent months.

Miss Olivier's diarist was objective, and, as it concerned herself, reticent. She wrote of her temporary friends with the greatest of good manners and only an occasional flash of malice—like that touch of garlic that makes a tolerable salad superb. She has, for instance, an admirable description of a child who came to stay in her house, and I can only say that to avoid that child, any journey would be necessary.

The landlady's night thoughts pass gently from her "lodgers" to their experiences: their bravery at Dunkirk and their endurance at Bordeaux; to social reminiscences of the quarrels behind the scenes of an amateur pantomime or of cathedral weddings. There is no shape to the mixture at all, only a very pleasant savour, and for that I recommend it to your attention.

THE TURNING POINT (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the autobiography of Mr Klaus Mann, son of the great German writer Thomas Mann, and brought up by him in a literary tradition, and in a brilliant circle of literary, political and scientific figures. Indeed, as a young boy, the writer must have found the tradition a little overwhelming, for his first efforts, inadequate as they might have been, were published in *Die Sammlung*, where fellow-contributors from month to month might be Huxley, Benedetto Croce, Hemingway or Silone.

Klaus Mann is now living in America, but in the years of his exile from Germany in 1933 he has lived for a short time in England and for much longer periods in Italy, and in France, for which he had a deep affection. There, as at home, his life was spent with the intellectuals, and it is his reminiscences of those of them he knew best that will prove the liveliest thing about this book, for the general reader.

Of Cocteau, whom he regards as "one of the most gifted beings I have ever known, and perhaps the most nearly perfect one," he writes:

"He is neither a moralist, nor a liar, but, primarily and essentially, a performer. His only principle is not to be a dilettante.... He has the eyes of a hypnotist and the hands of a pickpocket.... His smile is that of a cunning infant or an infantile murderer.... He lies whenever he opens his mouth."

That is only one of many portraits, for they, carried along on a strong tide of words and images, are Mr. Klaus Mann's speciality.

THE GRAND DESIGN (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) is a very good example of what the historical novel should be in the eyes of one who reads much fiction but may not be qualified to judge the accuracy of historical facts. First of all, it is a long, rich and full document of a period. Secondly, it has just enough excitement to temper the severity of its main theme; and, thirdly, it has all the brilliant colour that one of the masters of this art, Miss Marjorie Bowen, has always proved so effective.

Under the name of "David Pilgrim," the novel has been written in collaboration by Mr. John Palmer and Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders, author, in another sphere, of *Battle of Britain* and *Combined Operations*. This is, I believe, the third example of their work together, and it is successful enough to make me want to go back and study the other two right away.

The design of which they write was Charles II's scheme which culminated in the Treaty of Dover, and which involved the most secret negotiations with Louis XIV and the Pope Clement IX. To a great extent, these approaches were made by Charles through one James de la Cloche, who travelled Europe in a variety of disguises, and proved that loyalty to his King stopped at no personal hardship and was never affected even by the lack of recognition or reward that was perhaps hardest to bear.

James, for the purposes of the story—and I believe there are some grounds for thinking it a fact—was the King's eldest natural son, on whom the King relied utterly, but to whom he could never give the honours which he showered on Monmouth, as this would have destroyed his value to him as a secret agent. Educated by the Jesuits, and trained to rigid obedience and a more supple exercise of Court craft, James was the perfect instrument, until his conscience rebelled too strongly at the devices he was forced to use in his father's service, and he came to what would now be called a showdown with him. The story, by the way, has a delightful heroine, nicknamed Snubs, who has a particularly thin time all the way through, but remains staunchly independent and really rather a darling.

A SALE OF FURNITURE AT BECKY SHARP'S: At Walpole House, on the Mall at Chiswick, water-jugs, coal-buckets, kitchen-tables and beautiful chests in oysterwood and tulipwood were recently on sale. But the ghost of the Duchess of Cleveland (said to haunt one of the rooms) did not appear! Walpole House was known to Thackeray, who made it the opening scene of *Vanity Fair*, turning the house into "Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies," where Becky Sharp spent part of her wilful youth. The furniture belonged to the late Mrs. Robert H. Benson, widow of the banker and art collector

I can't say for a moment that I think FOUR WINDS (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is a well-written piece of work. It is a spy-murder mystery using every known cliché. (An unknown cliché, of course, would be a contradiction in terms.) But Mr. Herbert Adams has written it with a kind of gusto and the kind of likeability which sometimes communicates itself from the author to the reader without, I suppose, the author's having had that direct intention. If that sympathy is enough to have made one enjoy the book, however, it has done its job, knowingly or not.

That was the case with this little tale, which concerns a certain amount of derring-do in and around one of those "safe hotels" such as brighten the third-page columns in my second favourite Sunday newspaper. A gentleman is shot in a nearby house, and his death, at first called suicide, is later thought to be the work of a gang of G-rm-n spies. A bright representative of the Military Intelligence Service is called in, with his stooge in attendance, and though they eventually solve the puzzle, we may yet thank God we have a Navy.

Nevertheless, there is something about this little romance which, like a platitude, has a chubby, solid value of its own, and which gave me a pleasantly tranquil evening.

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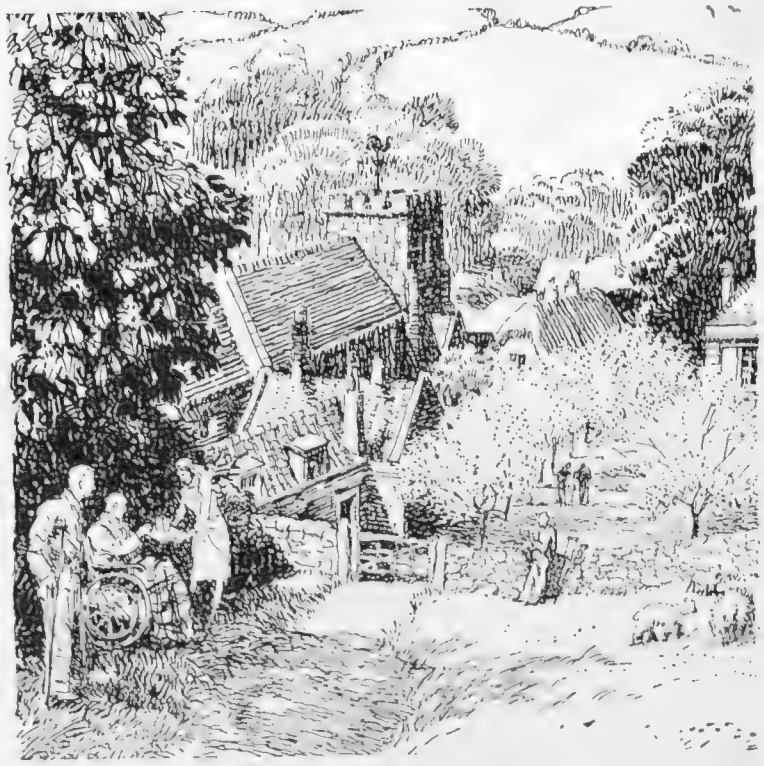

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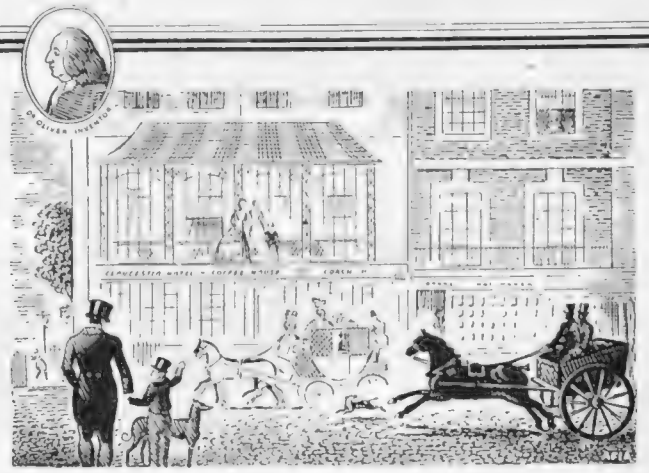

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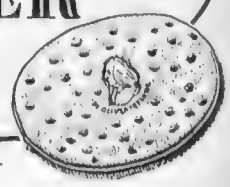

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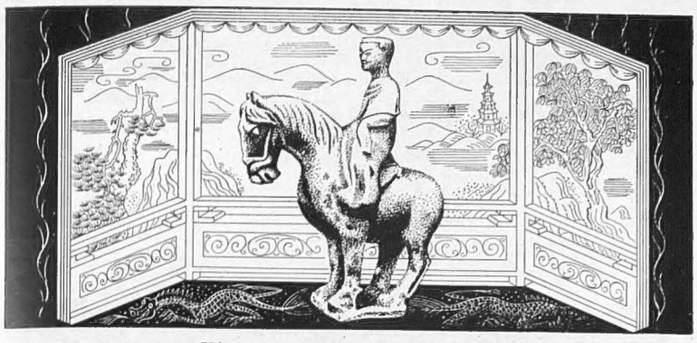

Chinese horse typical of the T'ang period

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Fei-Tsien—Flying Money—the ancestor of the bill of exchange, was invented in China in the seventh century. It provided a means of transmitting money from place to place and thus assisted in developing trade and travel in China's vast territories.

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Vast preparations are afoot for what the Prime Minister has described as "the greatest joint operation between two allies that has ever been planned."

Amid the countless considerations welfare work among the Forces has been given a place.

At home and overseas, from Italy to New Guinea, The Salvation Army has worked unceasingly in serving our brave troops. The devotion of its workers and the generous help of many friends has made this work possible.

The new front will present new and greater demands. Much money is needed in order to provide for extensions to our Club and Hostel services.

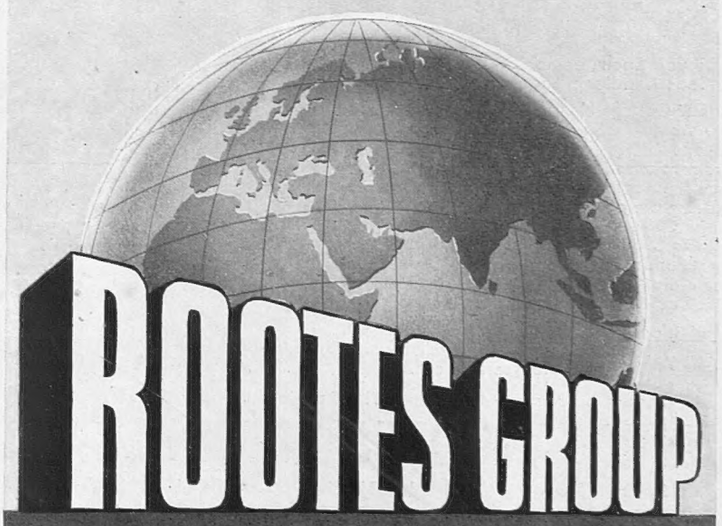
A specially built and equipped fleet of Mobile Canteens must be provided right away, at a cost of £20,000. Please send a gift now for this urgent need, and so share with us in serving Second Front men and women.

GENERAL

General Carpenter, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

Britain's Foremost Motor Manufacturers



ROOTES GROUP

HUMBER HILLMAN

SUNBEAM-TALBOT

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ROOTES SECURITIES LTD.

EXPLANATION: *War conditions restrict the sale of Rose's Lime Juice in Britain. But in many parts of the Empire distribution goes on. Here, you see how we spread the news in those great countries that make up the British Empire.*

★ *Here is an advertisement published in Capetown.*

IDOL WORDS

"I say, Dennis — who's your fat-headed friend? Something you picked up in the Congo?"

"*Oh, you mean Fred? I picked him up in a junk shop in Capetown. Cost me half-a-crown.*"

"They swindled you! What on earth did you want a thing like that for?"

"*Fred is an Awful Warning. Fred symbolises the Morning After the Night Before. He's the spectre at the cocktail party and the skeleton at the Annual Dinner.*"

"Well, I can't say Fred has much influence on you. I've never yet seen you behind the door when the jovial beakers flow."

"*Time, brother, time. Since I discovered the virtues of Rose's Lime Juice, Fred has had to take a back seat. Hangovers just can't happen when one sticks to Gin and Lime—or knocks back a straight Rose's after the party.*"

"Don't instruct your grandparent in the ingurgitation of raw eggs. Let's get cracking — we're late already."

ROSE'S — *There is no substitute*

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Here the policy in wartime as in peace has never wavered. To guard zealously their reputation of being known as "One of Britain's finest hotels." Telephones —Number 7272—every room. Active Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding near by. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

"Meet me in the Cocktail Lounge of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

the rallying ground of the Services"

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN

One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol. Quiet, restful, amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 20s. per day incl. Own salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

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This well-known riverside hotel particularly lends itself to those discriminating people who are appreciative of warmth, comfort, interesting food and a good cellar. Service people can usually be accommodated at short notice. Tel.: Marlow 15.

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We face the South, the sun and the sea. We offer modern amenities in our 60 bedrooms. We have a lift and are fully licensed. Tennis and golf can still be enjoyed. A pleasurable spot for your break from war work. Tel.: Penzance 471. For terms apply Manager.

THE WILLIAM & MARY HOUSE

Built 1690

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The hotel with a personality, for artistic atmosphere, exquisite beds, famous for its cooking. No single rooms available. Tel.: Stratford-on-Avon 2575.

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In beautiful grounds bordering lovely Torbay, with southern aspect. Equable climate. Golf, Tennis, Billiards, Bridge, Dancing. For LEAVE or Vacation. Reduced terms to H.M. Forces. 'Phone 4301

ON WINDERMERE LAKE

LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL

OWN BOATS AND BOAT LANDING BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN LAKELAND

Have you a CRIPPLE in your Home?

If so you *know*, better than most people, the serious handicap under which cripples live.

At our Cottage Homes in Edgware we have some 200 women and girls under our care, crippled beyond recovery and unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry. A cheerful, happy family, in spite of their drawbacks. Some are "doing their bit" in the national effort; others, with Government approval, are engaged in making exquisite flowers and emblems for Hospital Sunday and Alexandra Day. But, because of their disabilities, they cannot compete with the able-bodied so they are only partly self-supporting.

In addition, at our Orphanage (now in Shropshire) we fully maintain 150 destitute girls from babyhood to 15 years of age.

In these troublous times we rely on your generous contributions

Report on request. *President:* The Rt. Hon. LORD RADSTOCK.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

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Elvery's of Conduit Street

for waterproofs and raincoats for men and women in the Services and civilian life.

ELVERY'S, 45, Conduit Street, London, W.1
Weatherproof Specialists *Telephone: Regent 2252*

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For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarrh

Breathe the Vapour

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Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
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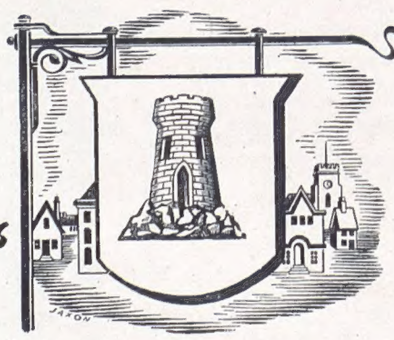
sign of the times



RED TOWER LAGER

The perfect partnership!

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What, no Placket!

No lady, *no placket*, not an opening of any kind for undergarments to peep through. The "ZWOW" pocket is the answer to the conundrum. It replaces the old fashioned placket, and gives you a neat waist fastening with no buttons or metal gadgets to protrude and spoil the "line" over the hips. In short, another reason for your insisting upon "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Drapers and stores stock them in a variety of styles.

All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket

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GOR-RAY Skirts

LOOK FOR THE 'GOR-RAY' LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

Scientific

Good work . . . Good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, April 8, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.